1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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Hill Maria
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and to make him live by himself on the outskirts of the village, so that in the end he becomes almost a separate low caste. This, however, has not gone nearly as far among the Hill Marias as among the Bison-horn. 564

To the south, along the Indrawati valley, the Hill Marias are influenced strongly by the Bison-horn Marias, and the area concerned is marked on the map by the letter H. The influence of the Bison-horn Marias gets less as you go west down the valley towards Kutru, and beyond Kutru is replaced by that of the Telugu-influenced Koitor of the riverain tract, known generally in those parts as Dorlas. There is no doubt that the inhabitants of most of these villages near the river were once Hill Marias. They seem to have been enumerated as Murias in the 1931 census, and are included in the 15,000 persons whom I have indicated at the end of my account of the Murias as wrongly enumerated at census as Murias. Where the Hill Marias are the immediate neighbours of the Bison-horn Marias, the influence of the latter is strong. In theory, according to local legend the Mander, a tributary running more or less east to west and joining the Indrawati on its *southern* bank near Barsur, is the boundary between the two kinds of Marias, with the Indrawati as the boundary west of the confluence. Here the Hill Marias know the Bison-horn Marias as Dandami Koitor; but the name is not universal in Bastar, and I have therefore preferred to call them Bison-horn because the wearing of bison-horns by their male dancers is so obvious a peculiarity of the tribe. Formerly, the legend says, Pat Raja, the log-god of Mornar in the Mangnar *pargana* who is regarded almost as the overlord of all the log-gods of the Hill Marias, and his wife's brother Use Modia, the log-god of the Lekami clan at Ghotpal, a large Bison-horn village south of the Indrawati, between Barsur and Gidam, divided up the Hill and Bison-horn Marias into *dadabhai* and *akomama* clans (brother-clans and wife-clans), and in those days the Hill Marias used to intermarry with the Bison-horn, and each used to attend the other's festivals. One day, as the Gumelor clan of Hill Marias, which occupies a group of villages in Bhairamgarh Mar, Dantewara Mar and Mangnar, was trooping to Ghotpal to dance at the Koqsar festival there, carrying their axes on their shoulders, a Gume with his axe accidentally severed the *sem* bean vine of the Old Widow (*Kuram Mutta'i*), who thereupon put a curse on all the Hill Marias and forbade them ever again to come south of the Mander river for social or religious purposes. Since then, according to the Hill Marias, intermarriage and participation in each other's festivals has ceased. On the other 582

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Hill Marias of Indrawati valley, influenced by Bison-horn Marias or Dorla Koitor

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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778 thongs of the outer rind of bamboos. Where *saja* trees are scarce, he may be made entirely of bamboos, but will be lodged in a hut under a *saja* tree. The junctions of the logs and the cross-pieces are adorned with bunches of peacock and jungle-cock feathers, and the ends of the logs with rupees or spirals of peacock quill or bands of brass and silver. At the first-fruits ceremonies his shed [782] is adorned with plaited fringes of the stalks and ears of the new grains, or bunches of bean and pulse pods; and he is brought forth to have the blood of the sacrificed victims sprinkled upon him.

Halbas, Telangas and Murias have precisely similar gods, if the logs composing them are more elaborately adorned and sometimes carved. Their generic name in Bastar is Anga Deo or Pat Deo, 'Log-God'. The central log is the essential part, for the other two logs are added primarily to enable the god to be borne on the shoulders of four men when he goes forth to a festival or a witch hunt. The Jhoria log-god at Narainpur had a special nose for witches, and the late Raja Bhairam Deo, great-grandfather of the present Maharaja, installed a copy of it in the palace at Jagdalpur; for witch hunts the god used to be brought in from Narainpur while the palace copy was sent to Narainpur during his absence. I found that the palace copy was in 1927 being used generally without reference to the Narainpur prototype for detecting witchcraft around Jagdalpur, a fee of Rs. 5 being paid into the State Treasury to the credit of the Temple Court of Wards whenever surrounding Murias requisitioned its services.

● 773 As has been observed on page 51, there is a tradition among the Hill Marias (of Chhota Dongar, Mangnar and Barsur Mar 618 *parganas*) that the great log-god Pat Raja of the Jate clan of Mohnar in Mangnar *pargana* with the help of his wife's brother, Use Modia, the log-god of the Lekami clan of the Bison-horn village of Ghotpal, near Barsur, divided up both Hill and Bison-horn Marias into clans, in the old days when there was regular intermarriage between the Hill and Bison-horn Marias. The legend does not appear to be known to the latter, who have only vague traditions of having at some remote date descended to their present lands from the Abujhmar hills, where occasionally they say that their clan-god still resides.

It is certain that most of the Hill Maria clan-gods have relation- 776 ship claimed for them with Pat Raja of Mohnar. The Usendi clan 618 of Orcha has his younger brother Wikir Hunga at Japgunda, the Deda clan of Kurmer have another younger brother, Nule Harma, the Dhurwa clan of Gomagal have his sister Oghal Mutta'i, the Hill Maria Marvi clan of Toqtoli in Mangnar *pargana* have his sister's son Mara-Magh, while the Gume clan of the Barsur Mar

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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615 618 Poriami clan of the Kuhrami or Cuckoo phratry has the buffalo, which has supplanted the tiger as the totem of the Sodi or Tiger phratry, since tigers so far forgot themselves as to kill and eat some men of the phratry. In the Cuckoo phratry two clans, the Kartami and the Kuhrami (which gives its name to the phratry), have the *karot* or hornbill as totem, while the Kunjami clan has the *kunje* or screech-owl. In all these cases it is the clan totem that matters, not the phratry totem; the Hemla clan will kill goat or cobra, the Kartami and Kuhrami the cuckoo, and the Kalmu the goat. Some clans have no totem of their own, but have no scruples about touching, killing or eating the totem of their phratry; examples are the Tamo clan in the Goat phratry, the Oika clan in the Tiger or Buffalo phratry, and the Birya or Big Markami, the Gonche, the Miriyami, the Nupo and the Tati clans in the Markami Tortoise race. Two conclusions follow. The first is that certain clans in the phratry, those with different totems, probably did not split off from the parent clan of the phratry, but were independent clans grouped into the phratry at a later stage, probably owing to contiguity. The second thing is that the association of the totemic animal or plant with phratries and clans is so far from universal and plays so small a part in the life of the whole tribe that it is either something new, borrowed from another culture, but not really assimilated, or else a relic of something that has decayed with antiquity. It is remarkable that the Birya or Big Markami clan should not have any scruples about the tortoise, the totem of the Markami or Tortoise phratry, while the Chudala or Small Markami clan is very particular about it. Yet it is only of the tortoise totem that there is any [773] legend; there is said long ago to have been a great flood, which the brothers Markam and Kawasi were unable to cross until a tortoise came and took them on its back.[1] Some, however, do go [784] out of their way to avoid touching or harming their totem, particularly the Kawasi Tortoise phratry; blindness is the punishment which eating the totem is said to involve. I was told by a Kawasi

[1] This legend of the origin of the tortoise totem is one of the very few traces (the only trace that I have met) among Bastar Marias of the Ramcharsa legend of the origin of the Gonds. In the version of this given in Trench's *Gondi Grammar*, Vol. II, all the ancestors of the Gonds were stopped on their way to worship the Great God by a great flood, 'whereupon in haste they plunged into the river, and one caught hold of a Tendu log, another a Sirras, another a palm tree, another a teak tree, another an iguana, another a tiger, thus each seizing something or other, they forded the river. Having crossed the river, they assembled near a Saj tree, and ate the new rice that ripens in hollows, and drank, and asked each other, "What did you catch hold of when you crossed?" They said, "I for my part seized a palm tree and forded on it, I a teak tree, and I a tiger." Addi-rawan-pariol says, "Then your *pari* will be the Palm tree, yours the Teak, and yours the Tiger." Thus *paris* were found for all of them

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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modern Hindu or missionary accretion is to be found in a study of the myths of origin which in many tribes have all the marks of antiquity. In these a Supreme Being is firmly established. He is not omnipotent, he is not omniscient, his character is ambiguous, his morals are uncertain and his language coarse. But he is exalted far above all others and he is the prime mover in the creative process as well as the goal of the human spirit after death. 776

My collection of Maria myths is incomplete, but the Bison-horn Maria story of Creation leaves no room to doubt the tribe's belief in a Supreme Deity. 776 773 ●

There was a great rain and the world was drowned. But Gajabhimul put a brother and sister—their names were Kawachi and Kuharami—in a gourd. This gourd drifted to and fro until it ran aground on a great rock. Mahapurub sent a crow to search for men. The crow found the gourd, pecked it open and released the boy and girl who began to cry. Mahapurub told the crow to stop the noise, but it wanted the children to die so that it could feed on their bodies and it did nothing. Mahapurub sent an eagle, but it too did nothing. Then he sent a tiger, but it too did nothing. At last he sent a monkey. The monkey sat on a rock and asked the children what was the matter. The rock was so hot that it burnt its buttocks and it jumped on to a tree. 'We have nowhere to go,' said the children, 'and there is no food.' The monkey returned to Mahapurub and told him. 539

Mahapurub now sent a boar. 'Near the rock is a tortoise,' he said. 'It has made itself a home of mud and clay. Take off the mud and spread it on the rock.' 'But how am I to live without food?' asked the boar. 'These children will sow seed,' said Mahapurub. 'There will be a harvest on the rock, and you will be the first to eat it.' That is why the wild boar always ravages the crops before men can reap them.

The boar found the tortoise and rolled itself in the mud. It came to the rock and shook itself violently. The mud flew in all directions and there was the world again.

This story was recorded at Rewali and was repeated with small variants in other villages. But at Killepal, the Marias said that the children were put in the gourd by the gods Andalkosa, Patraj, Pirusi and Tukdokarj. It was Mahapurub who wanted to destroy the children and he himself tried to cut the gourd open and so let them drown. But the gods got hold of the gourd in time and threw it into the water and it drifted away out of Mahapurub's reach. If this is a Supreme Being, it is a singularly imperfect one. And 776 773

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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indeed it must be confessed that the Maria belief in Mahapurub is weaker than in other tribes. The Sun and Moon were created, not by him, but by human beings. Fire was not given—as in so many legends—to the world by God, but was discovered by man in a more or less natural way in a broken stone or a split bamboo. In only one of the folk-tales does Mahapurub play a part. In this he teaches the hero how to make a hearth and gives him a magic bel stick. He refuses to answer the prayer of a bird which begs him to restore its mate to life.

On the whole, we may conclude that while the Marias undoubtedly believe in some kind of Supreme Deity, he is not vividly imagined by them, and his cult is overlaid by the interest and excitement aroused by the earth-bound deities like Danteshwari and the clan-gods and by the attention that must be given to the Departed.

III

The general pattern of Maria magical beliefs has been traced by Grigson and his picture may be supplemented by my chapter on 'Witchcraft and Magic' in *Maria Murder and Suicide*. A few additional notes may be of interest.

The dread of witchcraft and black magic seems to me to be stronger among the Marias than in the other primitive populations of Middle India. Among the neighbouring Bondos, for example, it is comparatively weak and hardly troubles the deeply religious Saoras whose attention is concentrated on pacifying the Dead.

In Maria opinion, the practitioner of black magic is frequently a widow, often a riggish widow. Her chief delight is to interfere with other people's pleasures; she sends grubs into the spathe of the sago palm and thus checks the supply of the refreshing juice; she loves to rob a fresh young girl of her rightful joys by prolonging her menstrual periods; she frustrates men's happiness by making them impotent; she blights the marriage-bed with barrenness. These wanton and jealous widows are a great nuisance in Maria society. Oyami Anda of Bara Harmamunda told me how he was pestered by one of them but, since he had two wives already, did not want to be involved in a scandal and in any case was not attracted, he rejected her advances. In revenge she nearly killed him with black magic. Another old Oyami Maria insisted that it was only a widow who could perform this magic; as a young man such a woman had begged him to lie with her and when he refused had made him impotent. At Kuchepal I met a man who had once engaged himself in that most dangerous of erotic adventures, a love-affair with a widow. After a time he wearied of her and in

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
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that girls should be tattooed before marriage and if possible before they are betrothed. If a girl is not done till after marriage, her parents-in-law can demand the cost from her own parents. There is some idea that the marks are a sort of passport to heaven. 'If she dies without being tattooed, Mahapurub will punish her. But if she brings him beautiful drawings from the Middle World, he will keep her with him and look after her.'

In the western parganas the tattooing is often done by a girl's own mother or by some elderly woman of the tribe. A crude needle is made out of the brass wire used for an ear-ornament and charcoal dust is mixed with til or mahuá oil. In the central and eastern areas, however, most of the tattooing is done by wandering Ojha women.[1] These are the wives of semi-aboriginal professional musicians. They have various stories to account for the origin of tattooing which, as we should expect, are generally Hindu in tone. In Narayanpur the Ojha described how

> At the beginning of the world there was no caste distinction among mankind. Mahapurub decided to divide men up into castes by giving them appropriate presents. A man who was given a net became a fisherman; a man who was given a plough became a Gond; a man who was given a pen became a Brahmin. At last Mahapurub found that he had given away everything except a drum, and he looked round to see who would take it. A number of men were passing along the road and one of them was lagging behind the others. Mahapurub gave him the drum telling him that his name was henceforth to be Ojha, and thus the caste began.
>
> The Ojha now began to earn his living by wandering from village to village beating his drum, telling stories and begging. One day when he went home in the evening his food was not ready and he beat his wife saying, 'All day I go from place to place earning our living; you stay at home doing nothing and yet you cannot even cook my food'. The woman replied, 'I go to the tank for water, I fetch wood from the forest, I clean the house, I cook the food. What other work am I supposed to do?' In the manner of women she began to sulk, saying to herself that she would only eat what she earned. After she had fasted for eight days Budi Matal's carpet began to shake and she sent her messenger to find out what was the matter. The messenger took the Ojha woman to the goddess. 'I have no work to do and so my husband beats me', said the Ojha woman. Budi Matal replied, 'Very well, I will give you special work to do, provided you always worship me'. She took the Ojha woman to the forest and found a sarai tree; she removed some of the gum and put it on a bit of earthenware, covering it with another bit. Then she smeared both pieces with cow-dung and put them on a fire. After a little while she removed the lid and found a black deposit there. She scraped this off with a bit of wood and put it in the broken half of a coconut shell. Into this she put some water and stirred it well. She fixed three needles in the knot of a bamboo and made the Ojha woman lie down with one cheek to the ground. So she tattooed her. Afterwards she washed the place with cow-dung and rubbed in oil and haldi.

[1] In their article 'Ojha' Russell and Hiralal do not mention tattooing as one of the Ojha's activities.—Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 296ff. The name is applied to the soothsayers and minstrels of several tribes, but the Ojha of Bastar are probably of Gond origin. There were 137 Ojha in Bastar in 1941.

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Then said the Matal, 'I have done this for you but you yourself must do more than this. First of all tattoo, then wash the place with cow-dung, then sprinkle haldi oil and offer rice in my name. Then holding the needles and some haldi and pulse in your right hand, catch hold of the first fingers of the woman you have tattooed in your left hand and with your right make three passes round her body. Put the haldi and pulse in her sari and let her go. By this means the burning of the marks will be cooled.'

At Palari in the Kondagaon Tahsil the Ojha gave a different version of their origin. Here they described how

Bara Deo was the son of Kadrengal and Tallur Muttai. He had six brothers and seven sisters. One day the seven sisters went to Tallur Muttai and asked her for ornaments such as would last even after death. Kadrengal gave Bara Deo a dhol and a dhamru drum. Then two sons were born to Bara Deo. One was called Murha and the other Ojha. Bara Deo taught Murha to beat the dhol with wooden sticks on the ground. Because he beat with wood on the ground Murha became a ploughman but Ojha played his dhamru slung from his shoulder, and spent his life hunting and drawing patterns on the walls of houses.

In this way the Ojha's wife learnt how to tattoo and once a year the Ojha gives a goat to Bara Deo saying, 'Behold, we go all over the world tattooing. From the marks we make let there be no wound, no pus, no swelling. Let no evil magic attack us as we work.' Because of this, Bara Deo lives with the Ojha and no witch can injure them at the time of tattooing.

304 The method of tattooing is still today very much what is supposed to have been taught the first Ojha woman by Budi Matal. Lamp-black, charcoal,
386 pounded incense is mixed with either castor, til or mahua oil. This is put in the broken half of an earthen pot, covered, and burnt over a lamp or a small fire. The black deposit is removed with a shell and kept in a small pot or bit of coconut.

304 The Ojha woman makes a pen of bamboo and draws the desired pattern on the skin. Then with three or four needles she pricks in the black colour. Before beginning she takes the names of the Seven Sisters of Bara Deo. At the end she receives from her victim's relatives rice, haldi, oil, chillies and salt. This she waves round the girl and sometimes performs the little rite with the needles that I have already described. She offers part of what she has received to the Seven Sisters. This helps the pricks to cool quickly and not hurt too much.

Muria girls are tattooed on the forehead, chin, arms and the calves of the legs. Most of the patterns are conventional—squares, triangles, and lozenges. Sometimes you may see two little figures representing a chelik and a motiari. There is no magical significance or even special meaning in the marks. 'It is for pleasure', say some Muria; others declare that it is simply a decoration, but a permanent one. 'Your words', a girl may whisper to her chelik, 'will remain like the tattoo marks on my breast.'[1]

[1] It is curious to find Crawley saying that it is 'erroneous' to attribute the painful processes of tattooing, boring and scarification to the desire for ornament. 'There is ample evidence that "savage mutilation" is never due to this desire; the savage does not hold with the maxim—*il faut souffrir pour être belle.*' This evidence is not given, but Crawley insists that tattooing and other mutilations are for the protection of the parts affected from supernatural dangers. I doubt if this is so in India.—R. Crawley, *The Mystic Rose* (London, 1927), Vol. II, pp. 1422.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
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MURIA RELIGION

II. The Origin of the Gods

A Hindu lives by ceremonies; a Muria lives by his gods.—Muria proverb

Muria religion is a blend of the tremendous and the homely; at one moment the peasant trembles before a display of overwhelming dynamic energy, at the next he is abusing his god for flirting with a goddess of his own clan. The Muria take a great interest in the domestic affairs of their gods; they are much better acquainted with divine than human genealogies; they are proud of the vast confusion and multiplicity of the Bastar deities. 716

For there are, they say, 'more gods in Bastar than anywhere in India'. Many legends describe their immigration, their birth, their movements from place to place. 'Long ago'—the story comes from Benur— 713 716

> before the Bastar Raj had come into being, Raja Dokára lived in Warangal.[1] His younger brother was Gotal Dokara. When Danteshwari Mai came to Bastar, Raja Dokara followed her as the Lamhada of Budha Dokara's sister, Pat Rani. Gotal Dokara accompanied them, but he went to live in the Marian Raj in order to avoid his brother. Raja Dokara settled in Bara Dongar and was married to Pat Rani. From them were born Hunga Dokara, Pahedunga, Waikirunge, Guttehunge and Lingo Dokara.
>
> In Bara Dongar, Budha Deo and Samrat Dokara his brother had many daughters. Four of these were carried off by the four elder sons of Raja Dokara. Budha Dokara and Samrat Dokara had seven score sons and seven score daughters. They said to Lingo Dokara, 'These are for you'. But Lingo was very pure. He said, 'No, I do not desire to marry'. So the four brothers said, 'Well, you stay at home and we'll give these girls villages instead'. So the four brothers put the rest of the girls into a fish-basket and sat on the back of a tortoise. By their magic the tortoise turned into an elephant. Seated on the elephant the brothers rode slowly round the Bastar Raj. As they went they gave one girl to four villages, another to seven, and each girl became the Mata Devi of her village.
>
> The tortoise moved very slowly and the brothers put *bhilwa* oil under its tail. So passed many days. The four brothers' wives took red cucumbers and put them in swings and rocked them to and fro, saying 'These are our children'. Now their servant was Kadrengal. They sent him to find their husbands. There was only one girl left in the fish-basket. Her name was Tallur Muttai. The brothers threw her with the basket into Paramwar village and went home, for they could hear from afar the singing of their wives. But Kadrengal met Tallur Muttai and said to her, 'Let us live here together'. They were not married, but lived there as mistress and servant. She used to send him to make people ill, and thus they got food-sacrifice and made a scanty living.

There follows an account of the brothers' return home, their suspicion of their wives—'Who is the father of these children?'—the testing of Lingo and his vindication. In this version of the tale it is Tallur Muttai who goes with Kadrengal to bring Lingo out of the iron bin in which he is being roasted

[1] In Metewand, the villagers told us that 'the gods used to live in Warangal. Thence they climbed by a red thread into the Upper World. Looking down they saw Bastar and descended with the eight descended by the silkworm's thread into the Bastar hills and lived there'.

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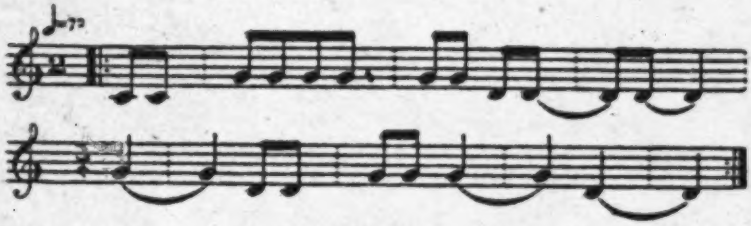
to death.[1] Tallur Muttai asks him to marry her, but he refuses and runs away to Semurgaon, where 'being weary' he turns into a stone, and has ever since been worshipped.

This rather tedious account yet gives an exact picture of the working of the Muria's mind when he turns it to theology The distribution of the gods probably represents very ancient migrations of the tribe. As the different Muria families moved here and there, it was necessary that their gods also should move and, in order to emphasize the unity of the tribe, should be related to one another. A Pus Kolang chant sung by the chelik of Phulpar gives a good picture of the multiplicity, variety and confusion of the Muria pantheon.



Aho reveloyo rerela rer loyo rer loyo ehe rerela!

O the sixteen divisions of the earth,
The nine divisions of the sky!
Who is lord of the earth?
The lord of the earth is Tallur Rai.
Give him a good Johar.

O the hoar-frost and Pati Pen!
Give him a good Johar.

O the tiger and Kadrengal!
Give him a good Johar.

Oho the red Sun like a blazing log
Oho the haldi-coloured Moon!
Give them a good Johar.

Oho in a corner is the bed,
In the midst is the ocean
Nearby is the Kutela.
Oho the many baby stars!
Give them a good Johar.

Oho in the ghotul Madan Matal Rai!
In the village Jamedarin Mata!
Oho Nelo Maria Rai!
Give him a good Johar.

[1] For a full account of the Lingo legend, see Chapter VIII.

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Paik Saral Penur Rai [Lingo's father's brother's son]
Aik Saral Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Tograjdeo Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Perma Mudial Penur Rai [Lingo's mother's brother]
Bhumrandari Penur Rai [Lingo's elder brother's wife]
Pordegumal Penur Rai [Lingo's daughter's husband]
Nulemuttai Penur Rai [Lingo's sister]
Poche Dokara Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Maria Moghraj Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Kokal Bidral Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Kurumtala Penur Rai [Lingo's brother [1]]

776 By this time the reader probably feels that he has had enough. But he need not fear that I propose to take him much further into the intricate and often contradictory relationships of the Muria gods. The subject needs a book to itself and an investigator deeply interested in the theology of primitive peoples. All I wish to do here is to impress on the reader the great complexity of the Muria pantheon, and the intimate human way in which its various members are interrelated.

The gods then come into being by migration from outside and by the division of the tribe into various clans. Many of the gods named in the song are clan-gods, and as the clans split up new gods come into being. But this is not the only way that gods are born. We already have a hint of a fundamental Muria belief in the statement that Tallur Muttai sent her servant to trouble men with disease in order to get food-sacrifice to keep her quiet. The gods are troublesome and expensive, and the more troublesome they are the more they are honoured. This is, of course, the normal Gond method of attracting attention. A Gond wife, who is devoted to her husband, sulks and makes a nuisance of herself, not because she is in a temper, but simply because she judges that to be the best way of getting herself noticed.

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776 Some of the gods, however, have come into being as a result of actual incidents, no doubt greatly magnified by the course of time. I have only room for a few examples of this tendency. In a village near Bishrampuri there is
●773 the shrine of Pendrawandin Pen, a goddess about whom there has been much controversy. Long ago, so runs the local legend, a Muria of the Naitami clan had a daughter called Hidde for whose hand a Poyami boy called Kuria was serving as Lamhada. Hidde's father made a dam across a stream, but the water kept breaking through. Then one day a dream came to him, 'Worship me and I will stop the water'. The Muria thought in his heart 'Whom shall I sacrifice?' He decided to offer the Lamhada boy, Kuria. He took him to the stream, pushed him in and piled earth above his body. At once the dam became firm and strong. But now Hidde began to search for her lover, and when she came to the dam she saw one finger sticking out of the earth. When she saw this she jumped into the stream and was drowned also.[2] After a few days, her ghost began to trouble her father, and when he asked who it was, she replied, 'I am Pendrawandin, your daughter; worship me and I will trouble you no more'. Then began the cult of Pendrawandin and her consort Kuria Pen. Unfortunately, at the time of her death Hidde was in

[1] The word 'brother' is used in both its actual and classificatory senses: the Muria are very confused over these relationships.

[2] With this story compare the legend of Ganga and Beni, who are associated with the source of the Waingangа river at Mundara.—R. V. Russell, *Saugor District Gazetteer* (Allahabad, 1907), p. 178.

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her catamenial period, and so Pendrawandin is considered by many as untouchable goddess. 776

The famous Kanda Dokara, father of Lingo, came into being in a very simple way. This is the story they tell at Kuntpadar. 773

> There were seven brothers and their wives. One day the women went to the jungle for grass to make brooms. Six of them made big bundles and put them on their heads to carry home, but the youngest wife only made a very small bundle and was unable to lift it. She called the others and they could not lift it either. Then she said, 'Whether you are god or devil, let me lift this bundle and when I get home I'll give you food-sacrifice'.
>
> When she reached home she was afraid that her husband would be angry with her for bringing such a small bundle, so she threw it into the pigsty. When her husband asked her where her grass was, she said, 'Who knows what was the matter; there was some god or ghost in it; I threw it into the pigsty'. The husband went laughing to get it, but when he too could not lift it up, he said, 'If you are really a god, give me a son'. Then he undid the grass and found inside a root, and they all worshipped it. Afterwards the Muria had twelve sons, the eldest of whom was Kanda Dokara and the youngest Lingo. He used to carry the root with him as a weapon. This is why we swear by the grass in a broom and use it to find out why we are ill and where our cattle have strayed.

Such is a typical account of the origin of the gods. There is a difficulty; sometimes it is an epidemic, sometimes it is some lighter matter as in the story I have just recounted. But always the god manifests himself by causing some hitch in the smooth working of human life. In Adner in 1940, there was an outbreak of cattle disease and the Siraha-mediums declared that a new god had been born, and was not receiving his due honour. A great festival, which I will presently describe, was held to appease the affronted deity and stop the disease.

Any strange or inexplicable event may bring a new god into being; the subdivisions of clans, the migration of peoples, the desire to imitate the Hindus are equally potent in the creation of gods. We must now consider the nature of these gods and who they are.

III. The Nature of the Gods

776 [524]

There is only one tree, but it gives many kinds of leaves—
A god (deo) that causes many kinds of trouble.—Muria riddle.

The gods of the Muria, as we have seen, are many and varied. The majority of them are, I think, comparatively modern. Some have been imported, some are the result of Hindu influence, some have come into being as a result of dreams, some at a magician's whim. It is only the Earth, the Dead, the clan-god and the Maharaja which are ancient and fundamental to Muria worship and belief. [171]

But many other gods are worshipped, the extent of their cult and the notice they receive depending on the instructions given by the Siraha from time to time. For just as Muria ceremonies are not arranged in a precise formulary but rather make up a repertory from which the priest on the instructions of the Siraha will draw what he requires, so also the vast pantheon of the Muria may be regarded as a sort of repertory of deities out of which, from

789 the eggs go bad, the priest plucks the feathers of the hen and puts them with the eggs. Broken egg-shells (which are usually preserved on bits of stick and kept under the roof) are added and all are taken to a cross-road. The priest cries, '*Tha tha*, you wanted to injure my hen. Take this and go away'. After this, the hen grows new feathers and the next lot of eggs will be good.

791 In the north-west of the State, the son of the village Gaita has a position of privilege in the ghotul and is often appointed its leader, but in the rest of the State the boys of the priestly families have no special privileges and can claim no special office; they are treated exactly the same as any other boys. But the Gaita's and Siraha's sons begin their training as priests or mediums while they are still boys, and many chelik have the power of falling into trance and prophesying. In Masora I saw chelik being taught how to bathe the gods and carry them about. In Koilibera I watched the Gaita teaching two of the chelik how to sacrifice chickens and offer egg-shells to the gods at the end of the Pus Kolang expedition. Parents often take their sons to special festivals so that they can learn what to do by imitation. The chelik usually attend ceremonies as acolytes and prepare the sacrificial food, wash the vessels, and make ready the sacrificial hearth. In this way the future Gaita or Pujari learns his business. The function of Siraha or Gunia is not always hereditary, but boys are chosen and trained when it is found that they are of an unusually sensitive temperament.

VII. White and Black Magic

751 Hitherto we have been dealing with Muria religion mainly in its relation to the gods; we must now take a brief glance at its prophylactic and protective
754 measures on behalf of man against his natural and ghostly enemies. Chelik and motiari are protected against black magic by the divine power of the ghotul fence, but they are only safe while they are inside the ghotul. Evil powers cannot enter the building, but they camp all round, and the Muria boy and girl grow up in an atmosphere of battle in the unseen world.

754 Black magic entered the world through an insufficiency. Bhagavan had seven daughters. He had prepared flour with which to create man, but his daughters stole and ate a little from some of the heaps of flour. In these
●773 there was thus not enough material for them to become real human beings and they became magicians and witches. Because of their lack of flesh and blood, they try to steal flesh and drink the blood of men. The warlock and witch are thus sub-human, not fully created. In the untouched Muria tradition, the enemy of mankind is usually a man; belief in female witches and the evil eye of woman is generally a later and Hindu accretion to the old beliefs.

The story comes from Karikhodra. In it we see that the warlock and witch are sub-human, not fully created. In other stories witchcraft originates in disobedience and cannibalism. In Matawal in the Mardapal Pargana we were told the following tale:

> A Muria and his sister left their parents' house and went out to seek for work. After a time they returned home and wished to make an offering to Mother Earth. They went to the shrine of the goddess and the boy said to his sister, 'Whatever you do, do not eat any of the flesh sacrificed here'. They found that the Gaita had put some flesh on a saja leaf in the name of the goddess before her shrine. As they approached a crow flew down, ate some of the flesh and scattered the rest. The boy picked it up and put it back again on the leaf. Behind the shrine a lot of blood from the animals offered and sacrificed had

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collected in a pool. The girl was afraid to eat the flesh in the presence of her brother but went there secretly and drank the blood. 754

When Mother Earth saw all the offerings that had been made, she was very pleased with that Muria boy and said, 'O boy, whatever you want ask it of me and I will give it to you'. The boy replied, 'I want nothing'. Then the goddess said, 'From today I make you the priest of my shrine. But your sister will be a witch; look at her mouth'. The boy looked and it was red with the blood that she had drunk. From that day, owing to the disobedience of women, there have been witches in the world. 713

Another story comes from Kanhargaon:

Lingo married Kodurjunge and lived with her happily, working in his fields. But Tallur Muttai was jealous, for she desired to marry Lingo herself and thought how she could accomplish her desire. One day she took Kodurjunge into the jungle and made her eat a basketful of jamun berries. Then she left her there and went to Lingo saying, 'Your wife is a witch, come and look at her mouth, she is coming home with her mouth reddened with the blood of men. When I saw her I ran away terrified to tell you'. Presently Kodurjunge came home and when Lingo saw her mouth reddened with the jamun juice, he thought, 'Yes, indeed, she must be a witch', and killed her.

Then Tallur Muttai said, 'You cannot live without a wife, marry me'. But Lingo sat with hanging head and would not look at her face. So Tallur Muttai filled with anger went out and cut up Kodurjunge's body. She took it round the village saying that it was pig's flesh. All the pregnant women there at once roasted a little of the flesh and ate it. The others put it in their houses for the morrow's meal. When Lingo discovered what had happened, he went round the village and told them to throw the flesh away. Those who threw it away suffered no harm, but all who had eaten became witches.

The methods of the Muria warlock are not unlike those practised elsewhere in India and indeed throughout the world. The warlock makes a grass doll to represent his enemy and buries it with the head of a chick.[1] This will soon cause his enemy's burial. To injure cattle, he gets the bone of a cow and buries it with a consecrated egg on the threshold of a cow-shed. A more elaborate method is to put the bone, with a hair from the tail, and a little cow's blood, into a small earthen pot and bury it in the path by which the cattle will go to their grazing-ground. The magician ruins a crop in the same way, burying a little rice with appropriate charms in the thrashing-floor. The rice in a pot can be diminished by placing an ear of rice beneath it. 754

To burn with fire, a warlock picks up a hot coal and a pebble and blows them with a charm towards his enemy, or he burns a grass doll. The antidote to this is to wave hot cow-dung ash three times in the air and hide it under a tree; as the ash cools, so will the victim.

To stop a girl having a child, an enemy—it is usually a woman in this case—steals a little of the haldi from her body as she kisses her on her wedding day. She scratches up some of the mud which the bridegroom throws on the girl at the end of a marriage ceremony and somehow obtains a scrap of her menstrual cloth. She buries these by a river and her victim will be sterile.

[1] This is the devil-magic of the ancient world, the image-magic common in all ages and all places.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

THE LEGEND OF LINGO PEN

I. The Shrine of Lingo Pen

IN the wild wooded country at the top of the hills, as you go up from Antagarh towards Amabera, is the little village of Semurgaon, and in the forest that surrounds the village, on a cliff overlooking a tiny stream, is the shrine of Lingo Pen who was once honoured by the Gond and Pardhan all over the Central Provinces. Today, as a living force, his cult is probably confined to the north of Bastar, and to the Muria, to whom he has given many deities and the most cherished of their institutions.

In Semurgaon, Lingo's shrine, a substantial thatched hut, is maintained by the Muria, but his priest is a Pardhan—Deo Singh of the Koreti Nang sept—who sings and plays before him on the dhusir-fiddle which is also Lingo's dwelling-place. The shrine is not unworthy of this venerable deity, the lord of all the aboriginal gods of Bastar. Under a spacious roof lies the Anga of Lingo suspended on a swing and sheltered by a great screen of peacock's feathers. At the four corners of the swing are bunches of the same feathers, and at the Anga's side is Lingo's *jiwa* or soul, a piece of iron like a ploughshare wrapped in grass. Round Lingo's neck is a bell, his son Netturgundi. To the right is his throne, a large cup-shaped stone. Above hangs an iron drum and a hunting-horn. From the roof are suspended pots containing Palo, the sacred cloth, and Lingo's two horses, crooked sticks adorned with feathers on which the mediums ride in ecstasy before him.

Every three years there is a great festival at Semurgaon, when Lingo is brought out of his shrine and is worshipped with pigs, goats and bulls. From all over the Jhorian, Amabera and Antagarh Parganas and from Kanker State come the pilgrims bringing their gods with them, 'for Lingo is Raja and Bastar is his kingdom'. At Alor also, in a clearing in the heart of the jungle, is a four-foot pillar of mahua wood in honour of Lingo, and every three years there is a festival. Indeed throughout northern Bastar you may find Lingo's relatives and hear his legend, a token of the strength and distribution of his cult.[1]

II. The Lingo Legend in the Central Provinces

Later in this chapter I present several versions of the Lingo legend as it is current among the Muria of Bastar, where its outstanding feature is its account of the founding of the ghotul. But first let us consider some other versions of the story which have been recorded in the Central Provinces.

The first of these versions was taken down by the Rev Stephen Hislop from a 'Pardhan priest of the Gond at Nagpur' in the Gondi tongue, and was later edited, translated and published by Sir Richard Temple, in 1866.[2] Unfortunately we have no indication of the distribution of the legend, nor indeed whether—in the form recorded by Hislop—it was known to any other

[1] There is a shrine to Lingal Pen at Cherpal in the Dantewara Tahsil, but I do not know whether the Maria here identify him with the Lingo of the north.

[2] S. Hislop, *Papers relating to the Aboriginal Tribes of the Central Provinces*. Edited by R. Temple, 1866. Large extracts from Temple's translation were reproduced by Bishop Ryve Chatterton in his *The Story of Gondwana* (London, 1916) and many of Temple's notes used without acknowledgement. A brief summary is given by Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. III, pp. 47ff.

• 113 than the narrator himself. Temple says that the poem was 'for many generations sung by the Pardhan priests to circles of listening Gond'; Russell, more cautiously, simply says that 'Mr Hislop took down from a Pardhan priest a Gond myth'. In some form or other, however, the Lingo story seems to have been widely distributed, for we meet it in Betul, Nagpur and in the south, though probably not in the Eastern States and districts.

There is little literary evidence of the distribution of the legend. P. N. Bose, in an article on 'Chhattisgar: notes on its tribes, sects and castes', says that 'Lingo is held in great veneration in some parts; but elsewhere the very name is unknown'.[1] Dalton says that of the personages mentioned in the Hislop legend 'the Gonds whom I have met with know nothing. I have frequently questioned them on the subject, but they never apparently had heard of Lingo and his feats. Some Murpachi, or four-God Gonds, in Bamra told me they had heard of Lingo, but he belonged to the Western Gonds'.[2] Crooke records that the Patari of Mirzapur who attended the Manjhi and Kharwa as priests and bards, worshipped a god Ningo—who is, of course, the same as Lingo.[3]

From the Dondi-Lohara Zamindari of the Drug District I have recorded a legend that gives to Lingo the same sort of position enjoyed by many other Gond deities. The substitution of crab for human sacrifice is interesting.

> In Dwarka village a Gond prepared a tank. In this tank there grew many lotus flowers. From one of the lotus stalks was born Lingo Pen. He came in a dream to the Gond and said, 'Sacrifice to me your son and I will double the wealth you have'. The Gond agreed and his wealth increased greatly. But when the time came for the sacrifice the Gond broke his promise, and Lingo Pen was so angry that all that Gond's wealth and cattle and his wife and children were destroyed. He himself died and his clan came to an end.
>
> After a time the villagers also left using the tank and gradually it levelled out and appeared as a field. Many people wanted to use the field, but always Lingo Pen would appear before them and drive them away. 'If you will give me a man in sacrifice', he said, 'you may plough my field. Otherwise you must go away.'
>
> Then one day a Gond named Rahpal came from another village and took his plough to the field and began to plough it. As he was doing so, Lingo Pen appeared and said, 'Who are you? Why are you driving a plough into my head?' The Gond fell at his feet and said, 'I am a poor man; spare me'. Lingo Pen said, 'You must give me two-feet worship'. The Gond said, 'You have asked for two feet in worship; I will worship you with ten feet. I will offer it to you on the day the bullocks finish thrashing the grain that grows in this field'. Then said Lingo Pen, 'Very well, when you reap the rice, make twenty small piles of the sheaves and as many piles of sheaves there are so many will be the cartloads of grain that you will get'.
>
> So when the Gond reaped his crop he made twenty piles of sheaves and prepared a thrashing-floor. He invited his caste-fellows and made ready the sacrifice to Lingo Pen. He caught a crab in the stream and brought it to the thrashing-floor and called on Lingo Pen with fire and incense. The god came and said, 'What is this?' 'You asked for two feet in sacrifice and I promised you ten. Here is the ten-feet

[1] *JASB*, Vol. LIX (1890), Pt. 1 (No. 3), p. 281.
[2] Dalton, op. cit., p. 262.
[3] *N.I. Notes and Queries*, Vol. I (1891), p. 66

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creature.' When Lingo Pen saw the crab he was pleased and no longer asked for men. Now we always give Lingo Pen a crab whatever else we may also be offering him. 113

In the Oundhi tract of the same district, so Miss D. Bhagwat informs me, Hulki songs are addressed to Lingo and he is described as the patron of dance and music, as in Bastar.

Johar johar O Lingo!
The *mindo*-lyre gives out its tune;
Kadur hum it says.
On his waist Lingo wears brass bells;
There are anklets on his feet;
At his lips there is a flute;
From his ears too there burst
Notes of music:
They come from every side.[1]

In the Bindra-Nawagarh Zamindari, however, the Gond seem to identify Lingo with Bhimsen or Bhimul. Here he is a Rain God. The Gond make a shrine of four pillars round a stone, and when the rain fails they take it as a sign that Lingo is displeased and go to the place dancing and singing.

I am informed by C. von Fürer-Haimendorf that among the Gond of Adilabad District (Hyderabad) the hero Pahindi Kupar Lingal[2] figures mainly as the liberator of the Gond gods. He divides the Gond into clans and establishes their great god, the Persa Pen. But the tale of his 'temptation' does not seem to be known. He is, however, a patron of music as elsewhere. He used to play eighteen tunes on his guitar: it is the beauty of his playing that awakes the imprisoned Gond gods and revives them with new life and hope. Later he saves his own life by his art, and introduces music and dancing to the world.[3]

In Rewa State, about twelve miles from Amarkantak, on the banks of the Narbada, is a beautiful mountain named Lingo, from whose forest-covered slopes comes at times the sound of ghostly music. The story current among the Pardhan and Gond of this region is that the mountain is named after Rai Linga, son of the Raja of Deogarh, founder of the Dhurwa clan.

Once Bhimsen went to Amarkantak, carrying a load of roots, which hung from his pole in two fish-baskets. One was a *mohra* and the other a *dhuti*-basket. On the way, the pole broke and the two baskets of roots fell down and turned into hills, which were then called Mohra Dongar and Dhuti Dongar.

About this time, Rai Linga, who had quarrelled with his brothers in Deogarh, camped at Mohra Dongar with his soldiers. He liked the place so much that he decided to build his palace there, and from that time the hill was known as Rai Linga Dongar. A short while afterwards Bara Deo also came to live with Rai Linga.

One day the Pujari of the Khajarwariha Dhurwa clan set out with the other villagers to Rai Linga Dongar to mingle their dead with Bara Deo. They made offerings of rice, chickens and goats, and danced to

[1] Private communication from Miss D. Bhagwat.
[2] *Pahindi* is the name of a shrub with a red flower: *kupar* is 'the hair-knot worn on one side of the head': the name may mean 'the flower-born Lingal with his hair-knot to the side'.
[3] Private communication from C. von Fürer-Haimendorf.

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the beating of the drums. As they were returning home, the Pujari suddenly remembered that he had left behind his sacrificial knife. He turned back and as he entered the shrine saw all the gods partaking of the offerings they had made. The gods were angry that a human being had seen them feasting and decided that the Pujari should not return to his village lest he should tell others what he had seen. Hardly had the Pujari gone inside the shrine than the door shut behind him and he was unable to get out. At the same moment, the villagers who were still on their way home turned into stone with their horses and possessions and these can be seen to this day. The shrine in which the Pujari was shut also turned into stone with the passing of years. After this disaster, the villagers no longer made sacrifices on the top of the hill.

Half-way up the hill can be seen two spears and a few cow-bells. These belong to Rai Linga and the villagers make offerings to them in time of sickness. To this day, the approach of disease or danger is heralded by gunfire from the top of the hill, which can be distinctly heard.

In Huddatola there is a sacred bathing-place known as Deodhar. In former days the Pujari bathed here and dived underground to find a siari plant growing there. He used to pluck some leaves and offer them to Bara Deo. The Pujari was able to do this then because the god possessed him, but today although people bathe on the very spot, they cannot reach the siari plant, for they are not helped by the god.

Once a man was relieving himself close to the Deodhar. Annoyed at this, Rai Linga threw a spear at him but it missed and struck a flat stone. Some people from Ramnagar took this spear to their village, but on the way they died. The mark on the rock made by Rai Linga's spear can be seen to this day.

Another Mandla story connects Lingo with Lanjhi, a traditional home of the Muria.

Lingo Deo was born in Lanjhi Garh. There was a Dhurwa Raja. He was very poor. One day Lingo Deo gave him a dream, 'I am going to take birth in a bamboo clump. You worship me and I will make you wealthy'. The Raja woke up and went to find the bamboo clump. There he found Lingo with his head protruding out of the bamboo and he offered him food-sacrifice. The Raja took Lingo Deo home with him and the god stayed with him. After this the Raja grew wealthier every day.

Then one day said Lingo Deo, 'Come with me and I will take you on tour and then bring you home again'. As they went they came to Lingo Hill in Rewa State and there they made a palace for the god. Lingo had a son who had married someone in Surguja. Lingo had invited all the gods except Kukra Pat. The marriage party went on its way. Lingo Deo made ten days and nights as if they were a single night. 'In one night it must all be done and no one should know of it.'

As the marriage party was returning home, Kukra Pat heard of it and felt annoyed that all the gods had been invited and only he had been left out. When the marriage party reached Lingo Hill, Kukra Pat called 'Kukra-koo, kukra-koo'. When they heard that noise, some of the gods turned into stone, some into wood, some into earth; their drums and horses also turned into stone and wood and earth. Some

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of the gods had gone into the palace, and had taken the Raja's battle-axe with them. Dhurwa Raja went in to get his axe and the doors shut upon him, and he never got out again.

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The Khuttia Kond (I am henceforth going to spell Kond instead of Khond, Khand, Kandh or Kondh) of Orissa, who are not after all very distant geographically from the Muria, have a deity Linga Pinnu, who founded their tribe and gave them their chief institutions including the village dormitory. At Sunabata, I recorded a song, much of which might have been chanted in Bastar.

We will sing a song of Linga Pinnu.
Linga Pinnu made the world,
Linga Pinnu made the people,
Linga Pinnu made the Kui,
Linga Pinnu made the Pano,
Linga Pinnu made the sahibs,
Linga Pinnu made the sambhar,
Linga Pinnu made the barking-deer,
Linga Pinnu made the cows,
Linga Pinnu made the roots,
Linga Pinnu taught us how to sing.
Linga Pinnu showed us how to beat the *tapka* [small drum],
Linga Pinnu showed us how to beat the *lisna* [big drum],
Linga Pinnu showed us how to blow the *mohori*,
Linga Pinnu taught us to cut *guriya* on the hillside,
Linga Pinnu taught us how to plant roots and pulses.
Linga Pinnu taught the unmarried boys to sleep in the *dhangra-ilu*,
Linga Pinnu taught them how to dance and sing.
Linga Pinnu showed us how to do the Meriah sacrifice.
Linga Pinnu was born from the ground
From the ground between Gumma and Karanja;
He lived till he was old.
He taught us everything and died.
When he married he had children:
We are all his offspring.
Linga Pinnu divided us by castes and clans.
Then we Kui said to one another,
'How shall we eat? How shall we live?'
Linga Pinnu took us to the jungle;
He taught us how to cut and burn.
For our crops he gave us seed.

We must not, of course, be taken in by names. Since Lingo or Linga simply means the phallus and might thus be given as a name to any deity of the Shaivite type, its use does not necessarily imply a connexion with the Muria Lingo. But legends to the north, in the Central Provinces, are probably of the same family.

III. Hislop's Version of the Legend

Unfortunately Hislop's version was considerably bowdlerised by Sir Richard Temple, assisted by the Reverend Baba Pandurang of the Free Church of Scotland Mission, who was Mr Hislop's native assistant, and his companion in several tours, and who frequently was employed by Mr Hislop in obtaining

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information'.[1] All such passages as were 'redundant, frivolous, improper or objectionable' were cut out and 'the original whole thus pared down to about one half'.[2] But Temple's translation is delightful and to read it is to obtain a fairly good picture of the Gond as seen through the superior eyes of a Hinduized Pardhan who was well acquainted with the advanced culture of the capital of the province. It would be truer to say that it was a Hindu myth about the Gond, or perhaps even a Hindu missionary tract aiming at spreading the Shaivite faith, rather than a genuine element of Gond mythology.

The Lingo of the legend, as Temple admits, is not a Gond, but 'appears throughout in the character of a devout Hindu'.[3] He wears a dhoti round the loins down to the heels (but the Gond has it tied above the knees), he keeps a knot of hair on his head, a diamond on the navel, and on his forehead a sacred mark. Although in front 'he looks foppish like a young man, from behind he looks like a devout Brahmin'.[4] He conquers the gods by fasting and penance. His practice of celibacy is typically Brahmin.

Hislop's legend contains many other Hindu features. Russell points out that the 'Hindu who clearly composed Mr Hislop's version wished to introduce the god Siva as a principal actor' and he therefore removed the site of the cave in which the Gond were imprisoned to the Himalayas. The scornful references to the bad smell and omnivorous habits of the Gond are typical of the Hindu attitude to the aboriginals even today. Many small points—the preference of sons to daughters (not characteristic of the Gond), the introduction of Hindu demons like Basmasur and a version of the bird Garuda, the worship of Hanuman at the end of a wedding—indicate the Hindu standpoint of the author.

At the same time, even Hislop's story contains many very primitive elements, and the main outline of the life of Lingo appears to be of genuinely Gond origin. Dalton goes too far in saying that the legend 'cannot be regarded as embodying any true Gondi traditional lore'.[5] After an account of the creation, the epic describes how from the womb of Parvati eighteen thrashing-floors of Brahmin gods and twelve thrashing-floors of Gond gods were born. The Gond were 'disorderly behaved' and a 'smell was spread over the jungle'. Mahadeo, in order to get rid of them, called them to a meeting. He made a squirrel and let it loose in their midst. They chased it, and the squirrel led them on into a large cave in which Mahadeo shut them up. Only four escaped; they fled to Kachikopa Lohogarh, or the Iron Cave in the Red Hill, and lived there. But Parvati desired the restoration of her Gond, and fasted for six months until Bhagavan promised that they should be given back, and caused Lingo to be born for that purpose.[6]

[1] Hislop, op. cit., Part III, p. 1. [2] Ibid., p. 8. [3] Ibid., p. 22.
[4] Ibid., p. 23. [5] Dalton, op. cit., p. 282.
[6] On the liberation of the Gond from the cave wherein they were imprisoned, there is a curious note in *N.I. Notes and Queries*, Vol. II (1892), p. 106: 'According to the Gond legend, Lingo was the leader who liberated the first men of the nation from a cave in Kachi Kopa Lohagad or "The Iron Valley in the Red Hill". The exact position of the valley is not stated, but it would seem to have been somewhere in the Himalaya Mountains as Mount Devalagiri is mentioned. Mahadeva is said to have closed the mouth of the cave with a large stone 16 cubits high. Lingo removed the stone and "sixteen crores of Gonds" came out of the cave. No meaning seems to be attached to the name Lingo, but in Gondi *lengye* means "a wolf" and in Mahratti *longa* (in which case the story may be totemistic). This is a similar legend to that of the Mughals whose ancestors were confined in the iron-bound valley of Irgana Kon, from whence they were delivered by Burtechino or the "Dun wolf". According to Abulghazi Khan, the ancestors of the Turks were liberated from the iron-bound valley of Irgana Kon by Bertessena. Every year the Khan of the Turks went to sacrifice in the cave of his ancestors at Mount Ektench Kun. Speaking of

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There was a tree.
It was blossoming. Then said Bhagavan, One of its flowers shall conceive.
By God's doing, clouds and winds were loosed. A cloud like a fan arose: thunder roared and lightning flashed;
The flower burst, clouds opened and darkness fell; the day was hid...
In the morning, when clouds resounded with thunder, the flower opened
And burst, and Lingo was born, and he sprang and fell into a heap of turmeric.
Then the clouds cleared, and at the dawn Lingo began to cry...,
It was noon, and wind blew, when Lingo began to grow.

He quickly grew up; 'he was a perfect man: water may be stained, but he had no stain whatever'. But he was lonely. He climbed a needle-like hill and from afar he saw the four Gond on the Red Hill. He met them and became their little brother. He asked them to get him an animal without a liver. They went for a long hunt, but could not find what they wanted. Lingo then taught his brothers to cut down trees and make a field. Their hands quickly blistered and they threw down their hatchets. But in an hour Lingo made a large clearing. The black soil appeared and he sowed rice and fenced it.

There follows a beautiful account of the rains, the growing of the rice and the coming of a herd of nilgai deer to eat it. Lingo and his brothers hunt the deer and kill all save one old bull and a little doe. When they want to cook the meat, the brothers try to make fire with their flints, but fail; Lingo then has an encounter with the giant named Rikad Gawadi, in whose field fire is found. Lingo makes a guitar to charm the giant:

He saw in front three gourds.
Then he saw a bamboo stick, which he took up.
When the river was flooded,
It washed away a gourd tree, and its seed fell, and each stem produced bottle gourds.
He inserted a bamboo stick in the hollow of the gourd and made a guitar.
He plucked two hairs from his head, and strung it.
He held a bow, and fixed eleven keys to that one stick and played on it.

It is interesting to find that in Nagpur, as in Bastar today, Lingo was regarded as a great musician. He played so beautifully that the giant and his wife began to dance.

Lingo took the guitar in his hand,
And held it; he gave a stroke, and it sounded well; from it he drew one hundred tunes.
It sounded well, as if he was singing with his voice.
Trees and hills were silent at its sound.

The old giant hears the music and says, 'Whence has a creature come here today to sing like the maina bird?' And he begins to dance.

the ancient Getoe, Strabo remarks that Zamolxis whom they revered as a god, "retired into a district of caverns". The mountain is held sacred and is thus distinguished, being named Kogaionon.—*Archaeological Reports*, Vol. IX, p. 158, quoting De Herbiot: *Bibliotheque Orientale*, Vol. VI, p. 152; Gibbon, chapter 42; Prichard, *Physical History of Mankind*, Vol. IV, p. 337.'

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Sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, jumping and rolling he began to dance.
The music sounded as the day dawned. His old woman came out in the morning, and began to look out.
The old woman called her husband to her.
With stretched hands and lifted feet, and with his neck bent down, he danced.
Thus he danced. The old woman looked towards her husband, and said, My old man, my husband,
Surely that music is very melodious. I will dance, said the old woman.
Having made the fold of her dress loose, she quickly began to dance near the hedge.
Lingo said in his mind, I am a devout Lingo; God's servant am I. . .
Water may possess a stain, but I have none. I am Lingo. I will make the old man and woman
To dance the Gond dance.

He calls on a number of Gond gods, and makes friends with the giant. He invites him to a great feast of venison. The giant offers his seven daughters to Lingo in marriage. Lingo declares that he himself will not marry, and gives the girls to his brothers, two apiece to the three elder and one to the fourth. At first they are suspicious, knowing that Lingo, as the youngest brother, will have access to all the girls. But Lingo says—in a passage which, as I will show later, is of the greatest importance to an understanding of the poem—

If you marry them they will serve me.
They will be my sisters-in-law. You are older, and I am younger.
They can give me water and bread, and spread a bed for me;
I will sleep on it. They can give me a bath; my clothes they will wash.
They will be my sisters-in-law, and like my mothers they shall be.
So said Lingo. When Lingo said they will be my mothers, the suspicion of the four vanished.

The marriage is celebrated in the house of the bridegrooms—a characteristic Gond touch. After the marriage, the elder brothers go out to get meat and fruit, saying that Lingo should sit in a swing and be entertained by the seven wives. 'He thought of our good, not of his own, so we will reckon him as our father.' But after the brothers have gone to the forest,

The seven sisters said within themselves, Hear O sisters. This Lingo
Is our husband's younger brother, and we are his sisters-in-law; we are at liberty to laugh with him;
We can pull him by the hand, and we can make him to speak with us.
Lingo does not laugh with us; he neither speaks nor looks towards us; he has closed his eyes;
But he shall laugh, and we will play with him. So saying,
Some held his hand, and some his feet and pulled him, but Lingo moved not his eyes;
He did not speak or laugh with them.
Then Lingo said to them, Hear, O sisters. You have held my hands
And feet, and pulled them; but remember you are my sisters.
You are my mothers; why do you deal so with me? I am God's servant.
I don't care though my life be sacrificed, but I will not speak with you, nor look at you, nor laugh with you. So said Lingo.

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In spite of these protests, however, the sisters persist in their attempts at seduction, until Lingo beats them soundly with a rice-pestle. They flee before him, 'like bellowing cows'. Lingo goes back to sleep. The women lie down in their houses. When the brothers return, the women accuse Lingo of having shamed them. The brothers are very angry and say,

> We told Lingo at the first
> That there were seven sisters, and that he might choose one from amongst them,
> And that we would marry the rest. But he said,
> They are my sisters, they are my mothers.
> Thus said that sinner, wicked and ill-conducted, that Lingo.

The brothers then decide to kill Lingo. They entice him into the forest with the story of a great animal which had put them to flight and which only he could slay, and there they kill him. They pluck out his eyes.

> One said, Let us play at marbles.
> They took out both the eyes, and said, O seven sisters! You also join in play.
> They brought the eyes, and placed one on the east side, and the other on the west;
> And the brethren, sitting close, held the marbles between the joints of their fingers.
> They began to play at marbles with the two eyes; and their game lasted an hour.

But this is not the end. Bhagavan sends the bird Kagesur to find Lingo's body and Kurtao Sabal sprinkles nectar upon it and restores him to life. Lingo then sets out to find the imprisoned Gond; he endures penance for twelve months till the golden seat of Mahadeo begins to shake. Mahadeo agrees to release the Gond, but Narayan interposes with a typical folk-tale test: Lingo must bring him the young of the black Bindo bird. Lingo performs this task successfully and on his return releases the Gond, divides them into clans and teaches them the ritual of marriage.

Such is, in brief outline, the earliest recorded version of this great legend. A little after the publication of the Hislop papers, the otherwise entirely admirable Captain Forsyth was mistaken enough to turn it into the metre of *Hiawatha*.[1] From this version we must be content to glean a few rich ears of poetry:

> And our Lingo redivivus
> Wandered on until the night fell.
> Screamed the panther in the forest,
> Growled the bear upon the mountain,
> And our Lingo then bethought him
> Of their cannibal propensities. . . .
>
> His bulldog fierce Baumasur. . . .

[1] J. Forsyth, *The Highlands of Central India* (London, 1871), pp. 180ff. Forsyth finds that 'the programme' of the 'Hindu saint Lingo' bears a 'singular resemblance in many respects to the legend of Hiawatha, the prophet of the Red Indians'. But, he adds, 'the noble savage of North America is a very different character from the poor squalid Gond of Central India; and not even the genius of a Longfellow or a Fenimore Cooper could throw a halo of sentiment over the latter and his surroundings'.

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Mahadeo
Came and saw that bed of prickles
Where our Lingo lay unmoving,
Asked him what the little game was.

Russell, who quotes from both Hislop and Forsyth, says that 'certain variations from another form of the legend obtained in Bastar are included'[1] in his pages. But there is no indication of this, and indeed the only part of Russell's account which is not obviously derived from Hislop or Forsyth is a short passage on page 61 of his third volume 'taken from a slightly different local version'[2] which describes the universally-known story of the crossing of a river, whereby tortoise and crocodile totems are derived, and a brief reference to Lingo dividing the Gond into clans and teaching them about marriage.

IV. The Betul Version

We must now turn to a comparatively modern version of the Lingo story, recorded by C. G. C. Trench in Betul.[3] There is, again, no indication where the story was recorded or from whom, though special reference is made to Tahaldas, petition-writer of Betul, and Parsial Kotwar of Lapajhiri, the writer's two munshis. Petition-writers are, of course, famous throughout India as authors of fiction. Trench's version is undoubtedly a more authentic Gond product than Hislop's and is nearer to the Bastar legend, though it too has many Hindu elements. The picture of Rai Linga in heaven and his incarnation is typically Hindu. A Raja goes to the Ganges to bathe. Rai Linga's brothers go to hunt in the forest of Bindraban, and catch fish in the Ganges and Jamna. The death ceremony is Hindu, so is the custom of building an elaborate tomb. At the end of the story Rai Linga ascends to heaven like Tukaram or any other Hindu saint. Moreover, as I shall show later, the character of Rai Linga is as typically Brahmanical as Hislop's Lingo.

Trench's story opens in heaven. Rai Linga descends and enters into Talko the queen. In due time he bursts out from the crown of her head. Unfortunately, the king who had gone to the Ganges 'with his pots and pans to bale out pools of fish' is drowned that very day and the queen, regarding Rai Linga as a curse, sends two maidens to bury him in the forest. But they take pity on him, and leave him under a banyan tree. Thence he is carried off by Rani Gidal, queen of the vultures, who drops him into the lap of Queen Barren, consort of King Sterile. The boy soon grows up and, like the hero of many other Gond folk-tales, takes a bow and arrow and wanders away to the palace of his real mother. Queen Talko accepts the boy as her own and makes him her 'throne-seated king' above the heads of her six elder sons.

The elder brothers are naturally annoyed at this and they take the young king out to catch fish in the Ganges and Jamna, where they try to kill him. But Rai Linga escapes and follows his brothers home. Then the brothers go out on a six months' trading venture taking five or fifty bullocks loaded with pearls and jewels. They say to the boy, 'You look after your six sisters-in-law well. Let them not joke or talk with anyone. We are going to trade'. Rai Linga was a lad of twelve years. 'He spoke not a word to his sisters-in-law, nor did he joke with them. He would play and talk with the village

[1] Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 49.
[2] Ibid., p. 61.
[3] Trench, op. cit., Vol. II, pp. 108ff.

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maidens.' The six wives used to look out from their fort and say, 'See, girls, how he jests and talks with the village maidens, but not a word to us!' When the boy came home, they used to feed him and spread his bed. But he took no notice of them and at dawn he would return to play with the village maidens. At last the six sisters decided that each of them should spend one night with the boy. 'The first night, the eldest forced him to lie down with her, but Rai Linga went to sleep and slept all night through. He never moved, or touched, or laid a finger on her. . . . He never spoke a single wicked word with the village maidens also.' Each sister tried in turn to seduce the boy, but to no avail; then they took him to kill green parrots in the forest, and there stripped him naked, but he did nothing. 'Rai Linga put on his dhoti and went to the village and began to play with the village maidens.'

At last, in despair, the six sisters shut themselves up with a tame cat and the cat in a rage scratched and bit them. When the brothers returned home they found their wives down with fever and accusing Rai Linga of having dishonoured them. 'Rai Linga was playing with the village girls, but they seized him and brought him from there, and put him into an iron grain-bin, and outside the village prepared a great furnace of wood, and brought the iron grain-bin to the furnace, and put it inside it, and set fire to the furnace. Rai Linga was burnt to death.'

Three days later, the elder brothers decide to take 'this stud-bull' from the fire and perform his funeral rites. But when they go to remove him, Rai Linga is alive. He says, 'If I had committed a sin, I should have been burnt. I committed no sin'. Hearing this, the brothers repent and say, 'Rai Linga is innocent. The guilty ones are the women'. They bring Rai Linga with great honour, but they tie bars to the women's legs, yoke bullocks to them, and drive them round the village till they die. For this Rai Linga reproves them, and for a time they all live without wives.

We then get an echo of Hislop's story: Rai Linga goes to the forest and kills many stags, but there is no fire to cook the feast. He sets out to find fire, and obtains it from an old woman who has seven daughters. The girls go with him to the place where the stags had fallen, and they cook and eat their fill. Rai Linga tells the girls to take away the meat that is left, but they protest that they are unable to carry it. So he sends a brother with each girl to help her. By a trick he brings the girls to his own house and there he marries them to his brothers. One girl is left and the brothers say, 'Won't you marry her?' But Rai Linga says, 'Let her go where her vocation calls her (*bega tana sansar*[1] *lagai agga dal*). I am a holy saint. I may not stay'. So he embraced them all, and vanished, and departed to his own Agasdip, and his six brothers reigned as kings in Singardip.

In both the Nagpur and Betul versions there are many parallels to the Bastar story which also has various (but fewer) Hindu elements. Everywhere the climax of the story is the conflict between the elder brothers and the younger. *Everywhere Lingo is represented as the founder of the Gond* tribe and giving it characteristic institutions. The other legends make no mention of the ghotul which is so prominent in the Bastar version, but it is noticeable that in the Nagpur story Lingo is a great musician, and in the Betul story Rai Linga is always playing with the village maidens; since he is only a lad of twelve years he sounds very like a chelik playing with the motiari. They are not, however, described as motiari, but as *natona raiyang*.

[1] *Sansar*, a Hindu expression.

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V. Interpretations

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Unfortunately both versions of the legend have been romanticized in a manner hardly true to the facts. Bishop Eyre Chatterton says that 'there is a deeper side to the story of Lingo, which no one interested in "things of the soul" can fail to appreciate. The story invites the Gonds to think that they owed their simple civilisation to a being of a higher order than themselves. . . The story, too, claims for the "emancipator" a wonderfully noble character. "Lingo was a perfect man, water may be stained, but no stain had Lingo."[1] His rejection of temptation, his freedom from malice and guile, his readiness to forgive his murderers, to forget their ingratitude and injuries, and to complete his mission of the rescue of the Gond race, remind one strangely of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.'[2] Forsyth, more properly, compares Lingo to Hiawatha, though he too suggests that 'to some an even more startling parallelism may suggest itself'.[3] Trench claims that 'the Rai Linga legend presents astonishing parallels to the Gospel narrative. Rai Linga may not inappropriately be styled the Gond Redeemer. The legend records his incarnation, his purity of heart, his temptation, his death at the hand of unjust accusers, his resurrection after three days, his discovery of fire, and his final ascension into heaven. In Dr Hislop's version there is also a close parallel to the descent into Hades, for Rai Linga is represented as releasing the Gonds from an underground cavern, where they had been confined by Mahadeo for their misdeeds on earth'.[4]

This is sheer nonsense. It is false, not only in sentiment but in fact. It is a vivid example of the danger of relying on apparent parallels between wholly different cultures, without reference to their social background. The incarnation of Lingo is a Hindu conception as is the manner of his miraculous birth in Hislop's story. Far nearer to Gond ideas is the Bastar story of the birth of the honest peasant Lingo in a poor cottage, or even that other version which says that he was born from a stone.

The death of Lingo presents no parallel to the Crucifixion. His incarceration in the iron grain-bin was, as the Bastar story clearly shows, an ordeal of the type familiar to all students of folk-tales, in which the hero must pass a chastity test by holding red-hot metal or plunging himself into boiling oil.[5]

[1] The expression 'Lingo was a perfect man' with its Dominical reference is not in the original. The Gondi is *Her Lingal yelun dag ensile kingundag halle*, 'Lingo (was such) that to water there might be a stain, but to Lingo there was no stain'. He is, however, called *satadkar* (saint), *pangariyar* (god's servant), *bhiko* (devotee).

[2] Eyre Chatterton, op. cit., p. 213.

[3] Forsyth, op. cit., p. 180.

[4] Trench, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 111.

[5] The practice of ordeal in the classical Hindu law-books has been summarized by A. B. Keith in his article 'Ordeal (Hindu)' in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, Vol. IX, p. 324. The *Yajnavalkya-smriti* gives five ordeals: (1) sacred libation; (2) the balance where the defendant is weighed twice, and must be of lighter weight the second time; (3) fire, where he must walk across seven circles carrying a piece of red-hot iron in his hand; (4) water, in which he must keep immersed while a runner fetches an arrow shot from a bow, and returns; (5) poison, usually made from aconite, which is drunk, and must show no ill effects during the day. Brihaspati and Pitamaha add other ordeals which include that of removing a hot piece of gold or a ring from a pot of boiling ghee, and licking a red-hot ploughshare. The subject had been fully treated long before in *Aitareya Brahmana*, Vol. I (1798), and later by G. Buhler, 'A translation of the Chapter on Ordeals from the Vyavahara Mayukha', *JASB*, Vol. XXXV (1866), pp. 14–49.

The literature of the ordeal in modern times is extensive. Thurston gives a dramatic account of tests by snake-bite, crocodiles and other means.—*Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, pp. 422ff. Crooke has given a number of witch-ordeals and points out that the

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Lingo's resurrection after three days might be a striking fact did we not remember that it is the general Gond, and even Hindu, custom to perform funerary rites for the dead on the third day. I do not know where the discovery of fire occurs in the Gospel narrative, unless Mr Trench was thinking of the Day of Pentecost. Lingo's final ascension into heaven may be paralleled again and again in classical Hindu mythology and even in the lives of modern Hindu saints. But it is unknown in Gond or Muria thought.

Lingo's 'temptation' raises problems of the greatest interest. Bishop Eyre Chatterton, more cautious than the civilian, does not venture to compare Lingo's experience with that of Christ. He says that it reminds him of 'the same temptation which befell the patriarch Joseph in the house of Potiphar'. But there is no resemblance whatever between the relation of Lingo and the wives of his elder brothers and that of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The latter was a temptation to the socially and religiously condemned crime of adultery; the former was not a temptation nor, if Lingo had yielded to the solicitations of the six wives, would it have been a sin. For the climax of the Lingo legend turns on the Indian form of the Levirate.[1] The wife of an elder brother is in 'a joking relation' to the younger brother. He will have the right to marry her when she is a widow, and he may have the tenderest—and even intimate—relations with her while she is a wife. This is true, not only of Gond and Muria, but even—to some degree—of Hindu society.

But although there is little social condemnation of a younger brother who enjoys the society and the bed of his elder brother's wife, there is no doubt that younger brothers who refrain from exercising their privileges are greatly admired. Lingo did not so much avoid a sin as attain a positive virtue by his conduct. But what is at the bottom of the story? Why, if Lingo was to be presented as pure at heart, was he not shown as resisting some temptation that would have involved a really shameful fall, an act of clan-incest, for example, or even ordinary adultery?

To answer this, we must remember that this incident in the Lingo story closely resembles a motif that is very common in Gond—and indeed in nearly all—folk-tales, the conflict between a youngest boy and the jealous elder brothers. This motif was studied by Macculloch in his *Childhood of*

practice of making a witch walk over burning coals or a heated ploughshare was once common in both India and Europe.—Crooke, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 271. See also Thurston, *Castes and Tribes*, Vol. I, p. 260 (boiling cow-dung water used by the Bonthuk); Vol. IV, p. 67 (the Koyi); Vol. IV, p. 185 (the Kuruvikkaran); Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 494 (the Sansia who placed a hot iron plate on the suspect's head); S. C. Roy, *The Mundas*, p. 425 (for ordeals by white ants and boiling water); *North Indian Notes and Queries*, Vol. II, pp. 23 and 113, and Vol. V, p. 115 (the Sikh Jat and the Khasis); K. J. Sawe, 'Chharas' in *Journal of the University of Bombay*, Vol. IX, Pt. IV (1941), p. 190; *Census of India, 1931*, Vol. I, Pt. IIIB, p. 55 (the Bhil); *The Agaria*, p. 167. There is no space to give parallels from other countries.

Two tales resemble the story in the text. Temple, in his *Legends of the Panjab*, gives an account of a heroine who has to prove her chastity by bathing in boiling oil, an incident which affords an exact parallel to the Lingo legend.—R. C. Temple, *The Legends of the Panjab* (Bombay, 1884–1901), Vol. I, and *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 429. Another story is of Prince Surab who, accused of immorality by his father's Minister, submitted to the ordeal of burning oil in order to prove his innocence. When the Prince entered the cauldron he was unhurt, whereupon the Minister protested that the oil was not hot enough. A bel fruit was thrown into it and burst with great violence, one of the pieces killing the wicked Minister on the spot, and vindicating the Prince.—A. Cunningham, *Archaeological Survey of India*, Vol. XVII, p. 99.

[1] The difference between the modern Indian and Jewish version of the Levirate is that in the former there is no idea of providing a son for the dead man. Though this is provided by Manu and the Hindu law-books, it is a notion foreign both to the Indian aboriginals and to the Hindus.

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773 *Fiction*, where he collected tales with this formula from every part of the world and divided them into eleven distinct cycles. 'Certain of these cycles show only the superiority of the young hero or heroine; others appeal more directly to our sympathy by showing him as the victim of adverse circumstances; others do so still more by setting forth the callous wickedness of the elder sisters or brothers.'[2]

The reasons for the popularity of this motif are many. There is the sentimental appeal of the young and weak. In polygamous society the child of the youngest wife is often the most cherished. There is the fact that according to the old custom of Borough-English or *Jungstenrecht*, the youngest son was once the most important member of the family and inherited the bulk of the property. Macculloch gives no Indian examples of this practice but, referring to Mongol, Tartar and Singhpo custom says,

> These survivals over definite European areas, as well as the existence of the custom elsewhere, prove that we are face to face with no mere eccentricity of inheritance; they suggest that this may once have been a universal law. Various reasons have been assigned for the existence of this law. Blackstone and Robertson cite several, and incline to the opinion that the elder sons, having become *pars reipublicae* and ceased to be *pars domus*, had received an allotment of public land, while the youngest remained with his father to carry on the household. Littleton explains it by saying that after the death of his parents the youngest son would be least likely to take care of himself, and hence his maintenance was made sure by casting the inheritance upon him. Gomme and others think it due to the fact that the elders (as in the case of the nomadic Tartars) had gone out to found new homesteads, the father's homestead being then reserved for the youngest son. Perhaps the story of Jacob and Esau—Esau the elder going off to found a new family and home, Jacob the younger staying at home and becoming heir—is a reminiscence of this, but coloured to suit a later age, in which primogeniture was the rule, and some explanation of Esau's disinheritance was needed. Elton derives the practice from the domestic religion centring in ancestral worship and consequent reverence for the hearth, with people who saw no natural pre-eminence in the eldest.
>
> This view is probably the best explanation. It suggests that on the youngest son devolved the rites of the worship of the departed father, and as such rites were invariably connected with the hearth as the rallying-place of the home, the hearth and homestead naturally became his by right. We have seen how the homestead is given to the youngest son, while in certain cases explicit reference is made to the hearth. Folk-tales show that the connexion of the youngest child with the hearth had by no means been forgotten; Cinderella, Cinder-jack, the Norse Boots, all have their natural place at the fireside. It has become a position of degradation; but once it was the place of honour. Nor is this quite forgotten, for from it the despised hero or heroine is taken directly to place and power. As for the funeral rights and the ritual of ancestral worship devolving on the youngest-born, the Cinderella tales, in which the gifts are directly supplied to the despised child from the parent's grave, may be a survival.[3]

[2] J. A. Macculloch, *The Childhood of Fiction* (London, 1905), pp. 350-80
[3] Ibid., pp. 374f.

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But I doubt if the necessity of ancestral worship devolving on the youngest son accounts for the Lingo legend. In Bastar, it is a sister's son or a son-in-law who generally performs the funerary rites. Lingo was—in most versions of the tale—miraculously born and the parents play no part in the sequence of events. The Lingo legends fit into the common folk-tale formula: probably all the elements suggested by Macculloch had their part in its construction: but I believe it is the custom of the Levirate (to which Macculloch does not refer) that gives it its real point. 113

The legend, especially in its Bastar form, cannot be understood apart from the foundation of the ghotul and the horror of adultery so characteristic of Muria society. Here is a very practical reason for the village dormitory—it insulates the elder brothers' wives from the dangerous, legitimate, seductive younger brothers. The youth of the tribe, so distracting to business with its fun and music, is concentrated away from home. The figure of Lingo stands out as the ideal younger brother, who denies himself even his legitimate claims and is absorbed in the ghotul and the motiari. It is not impossible that the legend was composed by a jealous elder brother, once cuckolded and turned reformer, who desired to abolish the disruptive influence of the *ego-dosar* relationship.

There remains the character of Lingo which reminds Bishop Eyre Chatterton 'so strangely' of Jesus Christ. The impropriety of comparing the two figures becomes evident when we remember that Sir Richard Temple had to omit nearly half the poem describing Lingo because it was 'frivolous, improper and objectionable'. I greatly doubt whether either Hislop's or Trench's version represents the original legend as it was told normally to village people. The Pardhan priest in Nagpur was obviously a Hindu convert and would not be likely to repeat passages that would too greatly offend a missionary. I suspect too the hand of the Reverend Baba Pandurang. I doubt also whether Mr Trench's petition-writer would have been likely to have risked any improper elements in the story of Rai Linga. This may sound rather hypercritical, but I have never been able to understand how it was that a cult-hero with a phallic name—Lingo means the phallus—should have become the embodiment of purity. Nor could I understand why the supposed embodiment of the Gond virtues should have been a celibate. The Gond despise celibacy; they believe that a man who dies unmarried turns into an especially unpleasant ghost after his death; the sadhus and other celibates in their folk-tales are without exception presented as the greatest rascals. [589]

The Bastar version of the legend suggests a solution of this problem. Lingo is a phallic deity, as the origin of his name given in the legend on page 241 clearly shows. He does not ascend into heaven, but marries seven wives and has children who people the Bastar shrines with gods. He is the founder of the ghotul, where he has his motiari. This is the true Gond picture of the character of Lingo. Hislop's and Trench's versions are undoubtedly nobler to Western and Brahmin eyes, but they are unreal in a Gond setting.

VI. The Lingo Legend in Bastar

Not all the Muria know the legend of Lingo, though all worship him and regard him as the founder of the ghotul. His cult is more or less coterminous with the Pus Kolang, which is danced in his honour. Different versions of the legend have, however, been recorded in the Antagarh, Benur, Amabera and Ghat Jhorian Parganas of the Narayanpur Tahsil, and at Alor and Kanhargaon in the Kondagaon Tahsil. In north and east Kondagaon, though 113 [883]

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713 the Lingo cult is strong, there is some confusion about the legends. In Masora he was given the notable privilege of discovering mahua-liquor in a tale almost identical to that in which the Baiga attribute the same achievement to Nanga Baiga. In other parts of Kondagaon, I have heard him confused with the Gond Bara Pen and he is sometimes supplanted by Bhimul.

Let us now examine these stories, which are of great interest as revealing what is probably an earlier version of the legend than that current in Betul and Nagpur, and are of the utmost importance to our understanding of the Muria's attachment to the ghotul. We will begin with a typical example of what we may call the general version of the legend; it was recorded in the important village of Alor.

> An old man and woman[1] had seven sons. Of these they loved the youngest with special love. The six elder brothers were married, but the youngest remained without a wife. He used to go hunting every day and in the evening he came home and played; soon the six wives of his elder brothers fell in love with him, and used to swing him in a swing outside the house.
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> One day the six elder brothers said, 'Here we are every day working hard in the fields, and this fellow does nothing'. Hearing this, the youngest boy got up early and took the oxen to the fields before his brothers were awake. When they got up and saw the oxen were gone they hurried to the field and found two furrows were completed. They took their bullocks and each went to his own field.
>
> Presently the six wives came to the field with the midday meal and they first fed the youngest boy. When he finished his meal it was his custom to play a little on his instruments. The six women sat listening to the music and only then took what remained to their own husbands. When they saw this, the elder brothers stopped the boy going to plough and told him to remain in the house. But in the house also the boy used to play his music, and the women sat listening to him, and thus delayed taking food to their husbands.
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> At last the eldest brother said, 'This is a rascal, let's drive him away'. They said to him, 'Be off with you, go away'. The boy went out into the jungle; there he saw a bird sitting in a banyan tree. He shot at the bird and drove a leaf into its body so that the bird and the leaf fell to the ground together. On that leaf was written, 'When a leaf and bird fall together, the hunter will become a Raja'. When he had read this, the boy took the leaf and bird home and showed them to his brothers. They said, 'You may be a Raja, but we don't want you in our house. Be off with you'.
>
> The boy went again into the jungle. He went on and on and on, until at last on a hill he met a tiger which was ploughing with two elephants yoked to its plough. The boy said, 'You must be a very great person to have elephants in your plough'. The tiger said, 'No, there is one much greater than I; that is Lingo'. Then the boy said, 'But I am Lingo'. The tiger said, 'How can I know that? If Lingo beats me in a wrestling-match, then I shall know him to be Lingo'. So the two wrestled together, and the tiger was thrown, and became the boy's servant.

[1] In Bandopal, however, I was told that Lingo was born from the stone Tipagarh Meta. Thence he came to Kobchor and thence to Semurgaon.

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Again they went on and on and on through the jungle till they found in the middle of the road a great Rakshasa lying with its mouth wide open; its chin rested on the ground, its head was in the sky. The tiger said to the boy, 'If you can pass this Rakshasa then you will truly be a Raja'. But Lingo said, 'How can I pass? I am only a boy'. The tiger said, 'Shoot an arrow into the air, and while it is in the sky transfix it with another, shoot another at that, and then shoot again and again till there is a ladder of arrows which you can climb and so pass by'. The boy took his bow and shot arrow after arrow as the tiger said. He tied a rope round his waist and the tiger clung to this. Then they both climbed up the ladder of arrows to Mahapurub.

The tiger said to Lingo, 'There is Mahapurub sitting there; go and see him'. So Lingo went and did Johar before Mahapurub, saying, 'It was written on the banyan leaf that I should be a Raja; but how is this to be?' Mahapurub said, 'First go and spend twelve years in penance. Live alone on a lonely hill and play your music in my honour. Then you will be a Raja and I will give you my daughter as wife. But first you must kill the Rakshasa'.

Lingo came down from the sky and shot a thousand arrows at the Rakshasa and it fell down. Then he went away and on a lonely hill built a house, where he played on eighteen instruments together. Hearing the sound, the boys and girls of the neighbouring villages were filled with desire and ran to him, and every night they came to sleep and play in their ghotul which Lingo had built.

Every day Lingo went to his parents' house for food. The parents told their daughters-in-law to provide him with the best food, and they gave him everything with great love. The brothers again grew jealous and told him to go and plough in their fields. So Lingo took two buffaloes and tied them to the harrow with his own loin-cloth. Then naked he climbed on the harrow and drove the buffaloes across the field to break the clods of earth.

As he was driving the buffaloes back he came face to face with his sisters-in-law who were bringing him his food. His *ling* stood up stout and strong before him, and when the girls saw it they said, 'Look how stout and strong is his *ling*; from today his name must be Lingo'. He got down from the harrow, and dressed himself, then sat and played for an hour, and the women were late again.

The six brothers said to one another, 'Surely this fellow is up to some mischief with our wives, or why should they be so late?' They said, 'Let us beat these women for being late again'. Now the women were afraid and they took thorns to scratch their bodies and tear their breasts and they threw dust on their heads, and lay down to sleep. When their husbands returned they found their house empty and no food ready, but only their wives lying on the ground. When they roused them and asked what was the matter, those women replied, 'Look how that scoundrel has treated us', for they were angry that Lingo had not made love to them.

When the brothers heard this, they were very angry and decided to kill Lingo. So the next day they said to him, 'Let us go hunting'. Lingo got ready and they went with their bows and arrows to the forest. Soon they saw a squirrel on a bija tree. The brothers said to Lingo, 'Climb up the tree and catch it'. As Lingo was climbing the tree, the six brothers took their bows and arrows; but Lingo saw them and hid

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713 behind a branch. Then the six brothers shot together, but the arrows stuck in the tree and did him no harm. From that bija tree came out the sap red like blood and the brothers thought, 'Lingo is dead'. They returned home and performed the funeral rites and prepared a great feast in his honour on the third day. Two of the brothers went out for wood and leaves; as they were getting them they saw Lingo coming from the jungle, a dead squirrel in his hand. They said, 'Brother, we thought you were dead'. Lingo said, 'My brothers know nothing'. So Lingo and the boys came home. When they saw Lingo the brothers said to one another, 'How did he escape?' and 'Tomorrow we will certainly kill him'.

Next day, the brothers again said, 'Let us go hunting'. Lingo got ready and they went with their bows and arrows to the forest. Soon they saw a porcupine; it ran away into a hollow saja tree. The brothers said to Lingo, 'Go in and bring it out'. Once Lingo was inside, the brothers stopped up the hole and piled wood round the tree, poured oil upon it and set it on fire. After the tree had blazed for a long time, the brothers supposed Lingo must be dead, but then they heard the sound of the eighteen instruments, all together, within the burning tree. They stood up to see what it was, and the music ceased. They sat down, and it began again. So it was all night. But at dawn the music stopped and the brothers thought, 'Now surely Lingo is dead'.

They returned home and performed the funeral rites again, and again prepared a great feast in Lingo's honour on the third day. Two of the brothers went for wood and leaves; as they were getting them they saw Lingo coming from the jungle, a dead porcupine in each hand. For there was a squirrel's hole under the tree and Lingo had hidden there and so escaped.

This time the six brothers said to one another, 'Let us ask Lingo to swear whether he has lived pure from our wives or no. If he says he has, let us put him to the ordeal. We will put oil in an iron pan, light a fire below it, and when the oil is boiling we will throw him in and close the pan. "If you are really pure", we will tell him, "the fire will have no power over you".'

The following day the six brothers called blacksmiths from twelve villages and got them to make a great iron pan and its lid. They lit a fire below it, and poured in oil. When the oil was hot Lingo sat in it, and they closed the pan. Soon it was so hot that none could approach, but inside it was cool and from the fire the brothers heard the music of the eighteen instruments.

There is some disagreement as to how Lingo got out of the iron pan. According to the Alor story, the wicked sisters-in-law themselves came weeping and crying 'Come out, little brother, come out', whereupon the iron cover broke and Lingo leapt from the fire. In Karikhodra, the chelik said it was Lingo's mother's brother's daughter, called Bhamain, who came from Kanker and said, 'If you are impotent you will sit there, but if you are a man you will come out'. Lingo at once stood up and knocked off the lid of his iron prison. In the Benur version, the incident occurred in the Karikhodra jungle where Lingo had a motiari. When she heard of it, she came running to save him. She pushed open the lid of the pan and allowed him to come out. This is what we should expect of a motiari.

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713 At all events, Lingo escapes. Then, according to the Alor story, 'As Lingo sprang from the fire, his foot struck the tinsa tree—and the bark has ever since looked dry and dead on one side. The white ash from his body flew over the saja tree—and it became white and holy. He rubbed his body, black with oil and smoke, against the ebony tree, and ever since its bark has been black. He cursed his sisters-in law saying, "Whenever you have babies, there will be the marks of scratches on your bodies" and so it is with all women to this day.

'But the six brothers were very frightened. They said, "Three times we have tried to kill him, now surely he will kill us. Let us see his face no more". And Lingo said to them, "From today I will not see your faces again". So even today Lingo Pen faces the opposite direction to his brothers.'[1]

There is no fixed ending to the legend. One version makes Lingo ascend into the sky and marry the daughter of Bhagavan. Another marries him to the Brahmin girl from Kanker, who was his mother's brother's daughter. 'But when Lingo went to plough, Aure-tunda made a love-charm for her and carried her away. She had a child and the girl had put the baby in a swing. When the child began to cry Lingo came to see what was the matter. He found his wife gone and followed her footprints into the jungle and killed her in a pit. So Lingo's wife became a goddess and went to live in Tewda. After that Lingo married seven wives.' A third version, from Benur, sends Lingo back to live again in the ghotul. In Chargaon, the story is that the brothers, despairing of killing him, drove him out, and Lingo went alone to the forest near Semra: he built a hut at the foot of a kurlu tree and lived there playing his instruments.

VII. A Metrical Version of the Legend

Metrical versions of the Lingo legend are common in the north central parganas. I have recorded several versions, in Pharasgaon (Kongur Pargana), at Chingnar, at Hurra Penjori, at Jhakri, at Kanhargaon, at Chikhli, at Karikhodra and at Tumasnar. I will give the version recorded at Tumasnar, which shows many interesting variants from the Alor story.

In Upardip there ruled a king.
He had no one; he was sterile.
He was a rich man, he was a cow-shed [for wealth],
His city was as broad and long
As in a day nine ploughs could go.
His house was twelve bamboos high.
There were hunting platforms,
There was much cattle,
The cattle-sheds were paved with sleepers.
That Raja's name was Duruk Sai, his Rani was Kanak Dai.

Under the sleepers of the cattle-shed lived a cobra.
She gave birth to seven babies,[2]
Those babies had but one cord between them.

[1] This is maintained in current practice. The Anga of Lingo's brothers all face the opposite direction to that of Lingo himself at Semurgaon.

[2] This is one of the clichés of the Indian folk-tale. The hero born of a cobra or protected by it is so common that it is hardly worth giving examples, but references may be made, among many others, to Dalton, op. cit., p. 231; A. K. Iyer, *The Cochin Tribes and Castes* (Madras, 1909–12), Vol. II, p. 89; Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 451; O. R. Rhomfels, *Mother-right in India* (Hyderabad, 1941), p. 97.

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113 They were weeping *taring taring*, the Rani heard them in the night.
Then said Kanak Dai Rani, 'O Raja, in the middle of the night whose child is weeping here?'
She rose and lit a lamp, she went outside to see.
She found the children and told the Raja, 'There are babies here'.
When she told the Raja this, he too went out to see them.

He approached the babies, and there was the cobra.
She tried to bite him, but the Rani begged her,
'I have no children; give me these'.
The snake was pleased, and gave them to the Rani.
There was one cord for seven babies, how were they to cut it?
They cut it with a curved sword, they cut it with a knife,
They cut it with a straight knife, they cut it with a straight sword.
But they could not cut the cord; both Raja and Rani were exhausted.
There was a small piece of bamboo there, with this they cut the cord,
They cut it with a single blow and separated the babies.
They took them to the house and cared for them.

Slowly the children grew, the Raja gave them names.
They were Use Mudial, Raja Mudial, Budha Mudial,
Soma Mudial, Kana Hurra Mudial, Kana Mudial,
The youngest was Lingo Mudial.

Slowly the children grew, they played in the village.
They went out to hunt with little bows and arrows.
They gained knowledge and desired to bring wives.
But they knew there were no wives for them.
'Let us leave this place and go to Nadumbhum',
Thinking thus, they came down by the silken rope.

The seven brothers made their camp in Nadumbhum.
Six brothers were married, their wives are still named,
Bhumanthar, Dhakardeoni, Mardeoni, Theorajunghe,
Mahipurjunghe, Halayindokari, these were their wives.
Only Lingo remained unmarried.
His hair reached up to Porrobhum above,
His tail hung down to Tarbhum below.

At one time he played eighteen instruments of music.
There was a *pitorha* gong at his knee, a *gulguda* drum at his waist,
From one shoulder hung the *mandri* drum, from the other hung the *dhol*.
There were bells tied at his back, there were *paijna* on his feet.
In his hands were *sarangi*, *dusir*, *dhumir*,
In his hands were *tekendor*, *mohir*, *jihār*, *chitkul*, *hākum*,
In his hands were *parrai*, *kundir*, *charahewa*, *danthar*,
On all these instruments he played at once,
There were love-charms in them, all who heard them were entranced.

The six brothers were busy ploughing their land,
They were working in the Field of Frogs.
Their wives carried their food to them in the field.
But when Lingo played his music,
Those who were fetching water stood still to hear,

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Those who were carrying food to their husbands stood still to hear,
The six wives forgot their work and stood as in a trance.

The husbands were angry, their food was always late.
The eldest brother sent one of them to see what was the matter.
He came to the house and hid behind a grain-bin,
But when he heard the music he too was entranced and lay down asleep behind the grain-bin.
At last the food was cooked, and as the women were going his wife saw him,
And left his share beside him in his hiding-place.

The wives were late again, and next day the eldest brother came himself,
He saw all that happened, and was very angry.
'How can we destroy this useless fellow?'
So thinking he went to his field at Huppelolod.

As Lingo played, the village girls gathered round him and danced,
The chelik came too with their drums,
They made a ghotul and lived near him, for there were love-charms in his instruments.
But none loved him as did those six wives,
His elder brothers' wives, his *ange*.
But he cared nothing for them, he loved the motiari,
All his desire was to dance and play with the motiari.

Then those wives were very angry.
'How can we destroy this useless fellow?'
So thinking they went inside their house.
'We will not take food to the field today, let us go to fetch thorns from the jungle,
We will scratch our bodies with the thorns till the blood flows.'
So thinking they went to bring thorns from the jungle.
They brought the thorns and scratched their bodies,
They tore their clothes, the blood came from their bodies.
Each lay down in a separate corner of the house.

At sun-standing time the brothers were looking for their meal,
They were hungry, they grew very angry.
'Let us leave our ploughing and go to drink our gruel at home.'
So thinking they went to the house, and found their wives lying here and there in corners.
They said, 'Why are you each sleeping in a corner?
What is the matter that you should be so sleeping?'
'Nothing is the matter, but your brother—
He raised our honour, beat us and tied us up.
He tore our clothes and blood came from our bodies,
If you beat him to death, then only can we go on living here.'

The brothers believed the story true,
They too wished to destroy Lingo.
'Let us take him out to hunt, and kill him in the jungle.'
So thinking they took him with them,
To hunt for barking-deer and hares. Thus they deceived their brother.
They went to the great forest, they found nothing but a jungle rat.

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They told Lingo to climb the tree.
Lingo got ready and he climbed the tree.
'Now he is climbing, let us shoot him with our arrows.'
Each arrow weighed twelve maunds, but not one struck him.
They hit the bija tree and its sap came out like blood.
When they saw the blood of that tree, they thought they had pierced the body.
Thinking Lingo dead, they returned to their house,
They told their wives, 'We have killed Lingo'.
Hearing this the women were pleased.
The brothers went to call the *ahomdma* for the funeral.
The *ahomdma* came and they performed the rites.
Lingo climbed the tree and killed the rat,
He took it to his ghotul and roasted it.
After three days he went home playing on his instruments.
When the women heard the music they cried, 'Lingo is coming, you told us he was dead'.
Seeing Lingo the brothers were ashamed.
All the *ahomdma* returned to their homes.

Again the brothers plotted how to kill Lingo.
'Let us take him to the jungle, this time we will certainly kill him.'
So thinking they went to the great jungle, they found nothing but a porcupine.
The porcupine ran into a hole in the ground.
They told Lingo to follow it.
Lingo got ready and went into the hole.
The brothers brought great logs of wood and blocked the hole.
They set fire to the wood. 'Lingo is burnt to death.'
So thinking they went home and told their wives.
Hearing this the women were pleased.
The brothers went to call the *ahomdma*.
All the *ahomdma* came and performed the funeral rites for Lingo.

There was a Rau, the master of that jungle.
The porcupine was his servant and led Lingo to his house.
The Rau was away taking roots to the bazaar, but his wife was there.
When Lingo played his eighteen instruments, she was enchanted.
She gave him four porcupines, and showed him another way by which he could escape.
Lingo went to his ghotul, and cooked one porcupine for the boys and girls;
He sent three porcupines to his brothers, and began to play his music.
The wives heard the music and all abused their husbands.
'Look, Lingo is coming; you told us he was dead.'
The brothers were ashamed; the *ahomdma* went away angry.

Once again the brothers plotted how they might destroy their brother.
'We will put him to the test; we will try him by oil and fire.'
They went to Karikhodra, where still stands the Pillar of Oaths.
They made an iron vessel of twelvefold smelted iron.
Twelve pots of oil they poured into it,
They put Lingo into it and covered it,

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They fixed the lid in place with strong nails.
They made a hearth and put the vessel on it.
They brought twelve cartloads of wood and lit the fire.
'Now Lingo will surely die.' So thinking they went home.

As the oil boiled, Lingo began to play his music.
When they heard the sound the brothers and their wives despaired.
From inside the vessel, Lingo kicked the lid away.
The lid he kicked fell on the Tata Hill,
The vessel turned to stone and is still seen at Karikhodra.
Lingo came out, he leaned against the ebony tree and burnt it black,
He kicked the tinsa tree and all one side was burnt.
He kicked the saja and it turned white; today we call it impotent—
It is impotent as Lingo was with his brothers' wives.

'He will surely kill us now.'
So thinking the six brothers ran away.
Lingo called to Use Mudial and told him not to be afraid.
Use Mudial asked him, 'How will the world continue?
When they hear your music no one will work, all must stand still and listen.'
Lingo said, 'I will give my instruments to the chelik and motiari.
They will live in the ghotul and no one will hear their music.
So will the world continue so long as there are ghotul'.

The other brothers ran away and scattered through the jungle.
Use Mudial stayed with Lingo and worked with him in the fields.
When Lingo died Use Mudial went to the Maria mountains;
Raja Mudial went at once to the Maria Kingdom;
Budha Mudial ran away to Rai Kursai;
Soma Mudial went to the Maria mountains;
Kana Hurra Mudial fled to Garanja, Kana Mudial to Dhanora;
Lingo went to Semurgaon. 'They are not my brothers,
They are my enemies, I will not see their faces.'
So saying he took an oath,
The oath taken that day remains till now.

Lingo went to Kesurboda, there he was married.
Lingo had seven wives, all of them were Brahmins.
One lived in Kongur, her name was Mudri Muttai.
Each day she husked twelve measures of rice and ate it.
She was a witch and Lingo turned her out.
The second wife lived in Changori with her son Bal Kuar.
She was a witch and Lingo turned her out.
Now Bal Kuar lives at Kotori.
The third wife was Hirgomiro, she lived in Baneri.
She was a witch and Lingo turned her out.
The fourth wife quarrelled with him and he sent her to Bhaisgaon in the Kanker Raj.
He sent the fifth away to Dhaneli in the Kanker Raj, for she too was a witch.
The sixth we have forgotten, but the last was Netturgundi's mother.
Lingo was working with his hoe in the Cat-stone Field,
As he was working there his wife brought him gruel to drink.
She put the gruel beneath a tree and tied a swing.

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The mother went into the field to weed the grass.

Heweh Tunda Kshattriya [1] carried away Lingo's wife.
Netturgundi was weeping *teveng teveng*,
Hearing the noise, Lingo came to see where his wife had gone.
He searched but could not find her.
He went carrying an ox-goad.
He saw on the way the footprint of Heweh Tunda Kshattriya.
Seeing the footprint he thrust the goad into the ground.
It turned into a bamboo that can be seen today.
His bullocks ran away dragging the plough to the Budhwari Mari Meta,
There they turned to stone and still are seen.
Lingo tied Netturgundi round his neck and went to find his wife.
He met Heweh Tunda Kshattriya half way.
When Heweh Tunda Kshattriya saw Lingo he left the girl and ran away.
Lingo caught his wife and pushed a peg into her vagina.
He beat her and cut her into seven pieces; these pieces became stones.

He followed Heweh Tunda Kshattriya to the hill by Chichgaon.
There was a cave and Heweh Tunda hid there.
Lingo put twelve cartloads of wood outside to make smoke.
Heweh Tunda ran out and fled away leaving no trace behind.
Lingo gave up the search and wondered what to do.
He went to Bagjar, from there he went to Penjori.
Thence he went to Baskur, thence to Dudhpar, and at last came to Semurgaon.

There was at Chikhli a family of the Partabi clan.
Lingo began to think of them. 'They should do some service for me.'
Sona and Rupa Partabi had seven daughters-in-law,
They went to get grass for brooms.
They cut the grass and made it into bundles.
They pulled up a siari creeper, root and all, to tie them.
They stripped the creeper with their teeth and tied the bundles.
The smallest girl had only seven handfuls in her bundle.
Lingo Pen liked this girl and his desire was for her.
The six elder sisters lifted up their bundles,
But the seventh could not raise her little bundle.
All seven had to lift it before they could put it on her head.
When they reached home the others put their bundles in the house,
But the seventh bundle stuck to the girl's head and they all had to pull it down.

The youngest girl put her bundle in the pigsty,
All the pigs died and the Partabi wondered why.
Then she put it with the hens and the hens all died.
She put it in the cattle-shed and the cows all died.
She put it with the buffaloes and the buffaloes died.
At last she threw it into the buffalo pond and the Partabi went to ask the Siraha.
'What is this thing that troubles us? Why are my cattle dead?'

[1] Literally, 'the warrior who was like gum so that anyone who touched him stuck to him'.

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The Siraha said, 'The mark of Lingo Mudial Pen is here;
You must worship Lingo Pen'.
When the Siraha said this, the Partabi said,
'When my animals come to life, I will worship Lingo Pen'.

The Siraha bade him go and look at his animals.
The Partabi went and saw that the ears of the dead were quivering.
He went again and now each pig and hen and cow and buffalo
Spoke to him in its own tongue, bidding him worship Lingo Pen.
He went a third time and now they were all alive.
The Partabi thought then that what the Siraha said was true.
'This is a true Pen, for the cattle are alive.'
Since that day the Partabi clan offer sacrifice to Lingo.
'This is no ordinary Pen, this is a true Pen.
He taught us songs and stories,
He taught the girls and boys to live together in the ghotul,
He is still there in Semurgaon.
We take his name and give him the sevenfold Johar.'

VIII. The Story of Usarengi Palli

This version of the Lingo legend is not known to all the Muria, and in Randhna, a village to the north-east of Kondagaon, I recorded a curious variant in which the foundation of the ghotul is ascribed to a hero with a Telugu name—Usarengi Palli.[1] But in this version also Lingo plays a heroic and sacrificial part. He comes down to earth to save man from the death that Mahapurub was planning to send to the world; he bears in his own body the heavy blows of the divine wrath—although, with a characteristically primitive touch, he escapes before he is actually killed and allows Usarengi Palli to suffer death instead.

When the world was created, there was a city in the Middle World, such a city that on one needle's point nine lakhs of roofs could stand; it was twelve kos long and twelve kos broad. Here lived seven score chelik and seven score motiari; they were all of one mind—if one went somewhere they all went there, if one came home they all returned. There was great love among them all. One day they said to one another, 'Here are many of us, boys and girls together, and we regard everyone as equal. But we need a leader'. Now in the house of Usarengi Palli there was always food to eat and liquor to drink. The boys made him their chief. Among the motiari was one called Shri Belosa; she was made the leader of the girls.

These boys and girls used to sleep together; they went to work together. One day Usarengi Palli thought, 'Here are all these boys and girls, but we have no house to sleep in'. So thinking, he made a house. Its door-frame was a lizard, its walls were made of *chipa* fish, its door was of *dandai* fish, its pillars were the horns of the great sambhar, the cross-beams were the bones of *bimi* fish tied with prawns, and instead of grass the roof was covered with peacocks' feathers. In this house the boys slept in one long line, the girls slept in another long line. Only Usarengi Palli and Shri Belosa slept together.

[1] The story used also to be told by an old man in Barbatta, but he has died and no one has transcribed it.

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● 113 In the Upper World, the twelve brothers Lingo and the thirteen brothers Bhimul danced and sang and played; the sound came down to the Middle World and Usarengi Palli heard it. When he heard it, he made a fiddle and a tambourine, and when the twelve brothers Lingo and thirteen brothers Bhimul danced and sang in the Upper World, Usarengi Palli listened and played the same tunes on his instruments in the Middle World. So passed many days.

One day Shri Belosa said to Usarengi Palli, 'Brother, here are seven score chelik and seven score motiari. We do not know how to dance or sing. Teach us so that we too may have happiness'. Usarengi Palli said, 'All these days I have never left you. I have never gone anywhere. How could I learn anything that you do not know?' Shri Belosa replied, 'Every day you play on your instruments; certainly you know how to dance and sing'. Usarengi Palli said, 'Well, if you would really learn to dance and sing, you must be ready to go where I tell you'. Shri Belosa and the seven score chelik and seven score motiari replied, 'Where you tell us there we will go'. Usarengi Palli said, 'Well, tomorrow we will go'. They all got ready and went outside the village to a fig tree. Shri Belosa bathed and put on a silk sari sixteen hands long, and garlands, rings, and bracelets. Each girl brought a *guppa*-basket, and each boy a *dhuti*-basket.

Usarengi Palli wore a *pitambar*-cloth,[1] and a turban of sixteen hands tied *bail-bawar*;[2] he had a *dhuti*-basket under his arm, in one hand his fiddle and in the other his tambourine. Singing and playing Usarengi Palli danced his way to the fig tree, where the chelik and motiari saluted him.

When they were all ready Mahapurub let down a thread of silk from the Upper World on to the fig tree, and they climbed up the thread into the Upper World. There was a banyan tree, and they made their camp under its shade. But Usarengi Palli went on alone to find the twelve brothers Lingo and the thirteen brothers Bhimul; they had been dancing so long that they had sunk into the ground up to their waists. Usarengi Palli saluted them and they called him to dance with them. He asked, 'Whose hand shall I take? Who will teach me?' The youngest brother Lingo took him by the hand and taught him what to do.' As they began to dance the seven score chelik and seven score motiari came to that place and saluted them. Shri Belosa gave tobacco to everyone. When the dance was over, the twelve brothers Lingo and thirteen brothers Bhimul said to Usarengi Palli, 'Now you must dance and sing'. When Lingo began to dance he went fifteen paces forward and fifteen paces back, and he danced so that they were not hungry by day or sleepy by night.

Now the songs Usarengi Palli sang went into the *guppa*-baskets of the girls and the *dhuti*-baskets of the boys. The girls' baskets had no holes and so the songs remained in them—and to this day the songs of the girls are strong and true. But the boys' *dhuti*-baskets had a hole and the songs escaped, and still the singing of boys is bad.

When the dance was over, and they had saluted their hosts, Usarengi Palli took the chelik and motiari back to their camp beneath the banyan tree. They went down the silken thread back to the Middle World.

[1] *Pitambar*—The Maharaja wears this red or yellow silk dhoti at Dussera. It costs from two to three hundred rupees. It is also spread over his body after death.
[2] Tied as bullocks go round the pole on the threshing-floor, anti-clockwise.

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There they prepared every kind of instrument of music. Shri Belosa said to Usarengi Palli, 'So far we haven't given you a name. Today we are going to make you our Kotwar'. He said, 'No, I don't want a name', but all the boys and girls said, 'We are going to give you a name'. Shri Belosa sent two or three boys for liquor to Badaur Kalarin. She was sitting on a golden seat pouring water into the still, and the boys bought three rupees worth of liquor from her. Shri Belosa thought in her mind, 'Now today we are going to give Usarengi Palli his new name. He must have a turban for his head and a new sleeping-mat'. So thinking she went to a Ganda's house, and bought a cloth twelve hands long. She made a mat for him. She called the elders of the village, and when they came she said, 'Today we have made Usarengi Palli our chief and have given him the name of Kotwar'. She made Usarengi Palli sit on his new mat, tied the turban round his head, and gave him liquor to drink saying, 'From today our elder brother's name is Kotwar'. They all drank and then the elders said, 'Show us the new dances that you have learnt'. They danced and from that day these dances spread throughout the world and the ghotul was begun.

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Now so long as Usarengi Palli was alive, there was no death in the world. But when Mahapurub saw that the seven score chelik and seven score motiari were learning all his art from Usarengi Palli, and no one was dying and no souls came to him, he began to consider how he could bring about the death of men. But the youngest of the Lingo brothers discovered what Mahapurub was planning to do, and filled with desire to save Usarengi Palli and all men, he came down to earth and went secretly to live with Usarengi Palli to protect him.

Mahapurub sent Dhurban, the arrow that kills with earth, to destroy Usarengi Palli. This arrow pierces the body and its evil spreads inside so that the man swells and dies. But Lingo stood in the way and received the arrow in his own body. Then Mahapurub sent one arrow after another, he sent a flight of arrows, and Lingo received them all in his own body. After that Mahapurub sent Aginban, the arrow of fire, but Lingo caught this also in his own body and saved Usarengi Palli. At last Mahapurub sent his messenger with a great stick to beat Usarengi Palli. But Lingo caught as many of the blows as he could bear on his own body, until he thought that if he suffered any more he too would die, so he escaped and the messenger fell upon Usarengi Palli and beat him to death. As Usarengi Palli lay dying he called the seven score chelik and seven score motiari to him and said, 'Now I must leave you' and so died.

The chelik and motiari took up his body and carried it dancing and singing to the burial ground. After they had buried it and were going to bathe in the river, Shri Belosa lingered behind. She had always looked after Usarengi Palli; she had cooked his food and spent her days and nights with him. On this day she had brought haldi from her house tied in a corner of her sari. When she was alone she put a haldi mark above the grave where the head of her lover was, and another mark on her own forehead, saying, 'We two were yoked together. I will never marry now. We lived as if we were married, and now with this mark we are truly married'.

On the day of the funeral feast when they should have taken food and the feet of the pig and goat they ate to the grave, they forgot to take the feet. After a few days the seven score girls went to kill fish; as

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they were busy at the work, evening came on, and they bathed in the river. As they began to walk home, night fell, and they had to pass by the grave of Usarengi Palli. When they reached the place, they put down their *guppa*-baskets and sat down. Shri Belosa said, 'All your queens have come!' At that word, suddenly Usarengi Palli came out of the earth and took the girls into the grave with him. That night every one of the seven score motiari became pregnant.

The next day, Shri Belosa said, 'Come, let us go to sell our fish in the bazaar and buy ourselves things with the money'. Usarengi let them out of the grave, and when they reached the bazaar they found that their fish were large and fine and they soon sold them. Some bought necklaces, some bought rings, and as they busied themselves with their purchases, night fell. They could not find their way back to the grave, so they went into the village. There Usarengi Palli's mother was weeping, remembering her son. Shri Belosa said to the other girls, 'Look, our mother-in-law is weeping. Come, let us go to her and comfort her'. The girls went to the old woman and greeted her. The old woman said, 'Where have you been all this time? Your parents are looking for you everywhere'. Shri Belosa said, 'We just went to the bazaar'.

Now Usarengi Palli, finding himself lonely in his grave, said in his mind, 'The seven score boys surely went to that bazaar, and are dancing and making merry with the girls'. He took a great stick and got out of the grave and went to the bazaar. But it was too late; there was no one there. So he went thence to his mother's house, and found the seven score girls sleeping, and his mother and Shri Belosa watching by them. When he saw his mother he embraced her. She begged him to stay with her. But he was angry and said, 'What have you ever done for me? No one cares for me. I will not stay'. As he said this, there came into the mind of his mother and the seven score girls that they had forgotten to take the trotters of the pig eaten at the funeral feast to Usarengi Palli's grave. They got up and went hastily to the grave but there was no sign. The old mother returned home weeping loudly, and Usarengi Palli took the seven score girls with him into the grave and they were not seen again.

IX. Lingo and the Ghotul

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To the Muria perhaps the most significant thing about Lingo was his foundation of the ghotul system; this was the greatest treasure he has given mankind; neither the discovery of fire,[1] the gift of mahua liquor,[2] nor the invention of music can compare with this. The ghotul is an integral part of the Lingo legend; even in the Betul version there is a hint of it in the oft-repeated statement that Lingo could not attend to his brothers' wives because he was always playing with the village maidens.

The significance of the ghotul for the legend is this, that it explains why Lingo was 'chaste', why he achieved so supererogatory a virtue as to turn a 'joking-relation' into one of avoidance, why he did not let himself be seduced by his brothers' wives. Like any good chelik his attention was absorbed by the ghotul, not only—be it noted—by its erotic delights, but by the eighteen instruments played there, by the songs and dances, the discipline, the fellowship.

Every version of the Bastar legend stresses Lingo's association with the ghotul. The Alor version ends: 'From the days of Lingo the ghotul is built

[1] See p. 262. [2] See p. 263.

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in every village, and the boys and girls live there together without sin. So long as a girl wears combs in her hair she may play and laugh with the chelik, but when we see a girl without a comb, we say nothing to her, for she must be a man's wife. And as Lingo was twice in the fire and no evil touched him, so it is with the boys and girls in their ghotul.'

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The Karikhodra story concludes: 'When Lingo died, they made ghotul everywhere in his memory and to make him happy. For as the children dance and play he rejoices.'

And the Benur tale ends: 'Lingo lived in the ghotul, and the magic of his music drew the boys and girls to him. Because of Lingo no evil can come to the ghotul; no witch can enter there, or fever or disease; and for three years from the blossoming of her flower no girl can conceive.'

The first ghotul, where Lingo lived after his elder brothers married (the boys, it will be remembered, had no parents but it was equally necessary that the youngest should not witness his elder brothers' relations with their wives) and which was called *dinda-makli*, or palace of the unmarried, was a beautiful place.

> Lingo's ghotul was beautiful as the horns of bison, beautiful as a horse's throat. Its central pillar was a python, the poles of the roof were *makhmandal* snakes, the beam was a *dômas* snake, the cross poles were cobras. The bamboo framework of the roof was made of kraits tied together with vipers and covered with the tails of peacocks. The verandah roof was made of bulbul feathers. The walls were of bod-fish bones, the door was made of the crimson *silyâri* flowers, the door-frames of the bones of ogres, the fastening were *silar-malom* snakes. The floor was plastered with the flour of urad pulse. The *kutul*-seats were crocodiles. There was an Anga there of saja wood swung from the roof by *pirpiti* snakes.
>
> Lingo himself wore a turban like a white gourd flower; his dhoti was coloured silk; his shirt shone in the sun; his clogs were made of sandal wood, his stockings of mongoose fur, his belt was a *gidarra* snake; as he walked he sparkled. He carried a crooked stick in his hand; he walked as if he were husking rice.[1] That is why we dance so slowly and carry an axe over the shoulder.
>
> Every day Lingo used to go hunting, and every night to the ghotul. His gun was an ebony branch, his bullets were wild berries, he sat in the nest of the *rais* bird above a salt-lick. When he had shot enough, he would return to the ghotul. Belosa and Manjharo would welcome him, and take his mat. Malko and Jalko spread it on the ground, Dulosa was his blanket. Because of the love-charms in his eighteen instruments all the unmarried boys and girls would come running to the ghotul. Lingo's ghotul name was Manjhi; it was given him by Belosa and Manjharo. He himself gave the girls their names. Belosa and Manjharo sat by Lingo and combed his hair, they scratched his arms with their combs and massaged him with oil. Belosa gave him ganja—there was no tobacco then. Lingo's comb was made of dhaman wood. After massaging Lingo, the girls got up and saluted him with Johar,[2]

[1] In Old Calabar, when a man passed the sacred objects of Egbo he walked as if he were lame.—Hutton Webster, *Primitive Secret Societies* (New York, 1908), p. 116. Compare the limping dance of the priests of Baal.

[2] The Johar was the supreme achievement of Rajput chivalry. A besieged garrison, considering its fate hopeless, prepared for the Johar as for a wedding: the women threw themselves into a furnace, and the men sallied out to die in battle with the enemy.—

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then danced to the music of his eighteen instruments until they were weary, when they lay down and slept.

The traditional names of the first motiari differ from place to place. In Jhakri, they gave the following list:

Godakare Mode, whose navel was long as the axle of a cart, the leader, who collected the girls and gave them their orders.
Belosa, her assistant.
Kurumtuse Buke, whose duty was to distribute things—tobacco, parched rice, liquor.
Hinahibe Bire, who made the bamboo pins for leaf-cups and plates.
Akintare Jare, who spread the leaves which served as mattresses at bedtime.

Among the names of the first chelik are:

Mankor Singa, the leader.
Jiba Guta Soma, whose duty was to bring wood.
Karata Guta Soma, who had to make the fire.

At first things did not go altogether smoothly. The boys stole wood from the village houses, they relieved themselves on the paths, they neglected their work for their dancing. There was even an attempt to stop the ghotul. 'At first', so runs a Masora account, 'there were twelve score motiari and twelve score chelik who came to listen to the music of the eighteen instruments. Lingo caught them by the hands and they danced and danced and danced. Soon the children's parents grew angry and said, "Here is a man ruining our children" and they forbade them to go to the ghotul. At that Lingo was angry and he changed his form and went from house to house bringing death and disease. The people went to the Siraha, who discovered the cause and told the villagers to let their children go again to the ghotul.'

After this Lingo began to teach the chelik and motiari ideals of discipline and service. One night he came leaning on his stick, and when the girls and boys heard it tapping on the ground they kept very quiet. He sat down and taught them never to relieve themselves on the village paths, not to have anything to do with married women, not to steal wood from the villagers. Then in order that they should not spend too much time on dancing, he allotted them certain seasons when they should dance all day. During the rest of the year they should dance only at night. At Jhakri, Raunu gave other details:

> The first fire was lit by Lingo in the ghotul. It was the Pus Kolang fire. Lingo taught the boys how to go from village to village dancing in his honour. The boys tried; Lingo became Gain and showed them their mistakes. The next morning, they looked at the ashes of the fire, and there were the marks of a bullock's hoofs. Three days this happened and Lingo declared it a good omen. He called his tiger and they went out to dance, leaving the girls behind. 'This is in honour of Lingo', they said, 'and whoever goes to a girl will die.'
>
> Lingo took the boys outside the village and made them stand facing it. He put seven little heaps of rice, seven aonra rings and seven bits

J. Tod, *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan* (London, 1900), Vol. I, p. 333. The expression is now used as a greeting by many tribes. Tod describes it as a salutation sent by a Rajput chief to an inferior landholder (*Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 163). For the Maria it is a greeting between equals.

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773 of slag on the ground before them, and prayed to Tallur Muttal, 'Look
883 after these children. Keep them safe from other gods'. Lingo gave fire to Mankor Singa, and bade him tend it so that it did not go out till they returned. Then they went to dance in seven villages.

After seven days Godakare Mode and the three score motiari brought a bamboo and decorated its shoots with gold. 'If they have been faithful to us and if all is going well, it will stand up of its own accord and no one will be able to pull it up.' So thinking they welcomed the boys home. The boys hung their sticks on the tree and sat down to smoke. The bamboo stood of its own accord and none could uproot it.

Then came Lingo and was pleased with the stick. He tried to pull it up, but it would not move. Then he cut it down, at the bottom, near the ground. From the stump grew a semur tree; ever since, the semur tree has had thorns like the small branches of a bamboo.

Then the motiari said, 'We too must go to dance with you'. So Lingo took them for the Chait Dandar and the Hulki dances. At Diwali, the girls said to the boys, 'You go off by yourselves in Pus; we will go to dance by ourselves at Diwali'.

The tradition of Lingo's association with the ghotul is still very much alive. Every year thousands of boys take great pains to perfect a complicated and rather tedious dance and set out on a pilgrimage in his honour, which must be marked by accurate performance and complete chastity. In some ghotul, as at Masora, a dhol drum hangs near the door in honour of Lingo. Lingo in his turn protects the ghotul which he has founded; no evil dream can approach, no sin can be committed, and no girl will become pregnant for three years after puberty.

The chelik remember Lingo, with their ancestors and the Earth, whenever
883 they drink liquor; they offer him a few drops of mahua spirit whenever they
539 play their drums at a marriage; even in eastern Kondagaon, they invite
773 him to weddings saying, 'This is your marriage, your haldi-oil, not ours but yours'; they still sing many songs in his honour. Most of these are inexpressibly boring, consisting as they do of a long and largely inaccurate recital of Lingo's relations. This poetic and romantic figure has not inspired much poetry in his worshippers. The following song is typical.

Lingo Pata

Re re loyo re re la rela
Re re loyo re re la re re la rela

Bāra bhai lingo ra layor,	O twelve Lingo brothers,
Pinding hamkāng niya ra layor.	There's haldi and flour for you.
Dāy ra lingo dāyu ra lingo!	Come, Lingo, come!
Pinding hamkāng yekti ra lingo.	With haldi and flour we anoint you.
Wāywa pāta wai ra lingo.	May songs unknown come to us.
Wāywa dāka wai ra lingo.	May steps unknown come to us.
Pakili pāta niya ra lingo,	The first song is yours,
Maria pāta mawa ra lingo.	The Maria song is ours.
Pakili dāka niya ra lingo.	The first steps are yours,
Maria pāta layor ra lingo.	The Maria song is the chelik's.
Wāy ra lingo wāyu ra lingo!	Come, Lingo, come!
Nana wāyla parron ra layor.	I can't come, chelik.
Nāwa buto manta ra layor.	I've got work to do, chelik.
Kudār kolāng butong ra layor.	I've got to fix the handle of my hoe.

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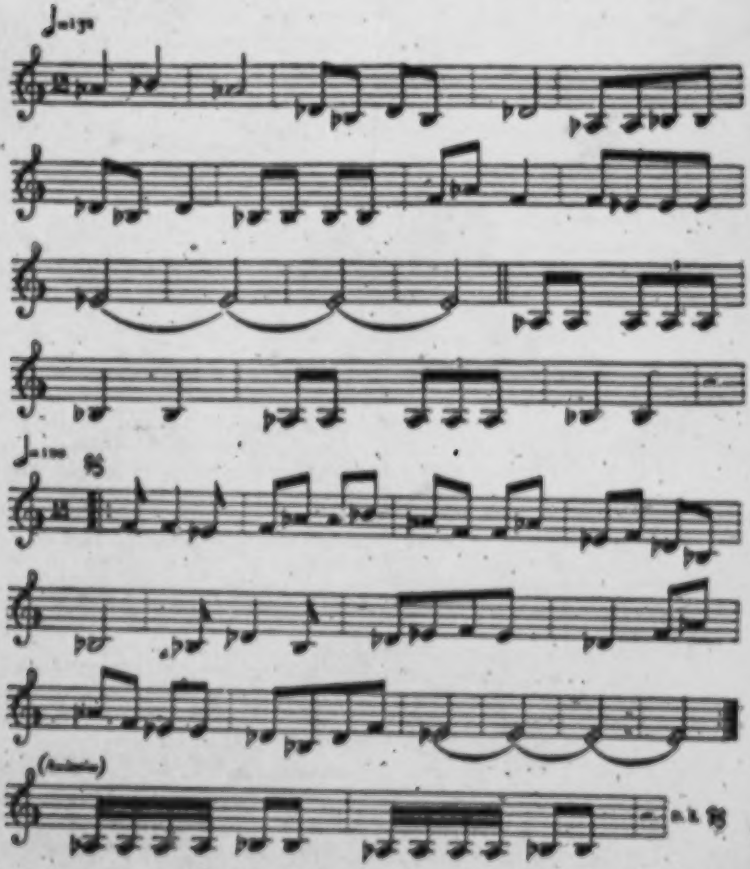
At Masora, the chelik sing in Halbi to Lingo before a wedding.



Lingo, balun, Lingo!	Lingo, say, Lingo!
Käy käje ây chelikman?	Why have you come, chelik?
Bita dhare bita newta parli bita dhare jao.	We've come to invite you to the wedding.
Macho buta âse.	I have work to do.
Tucho käy buta âse?	What work have you to do?
Macho korki dheta bharto âse.	I must make a handle for my hoe.
Tucho bigur nitoy gil gobind tucho.	Without you nothing can be done.
Pahilo tucho sigcho mand.	To you liquor must first be given.
Aru sigcho hardi.	The haldi must first be put on you.
Tucho ây nibnato gil banu ây.	Only with you the song goes well.

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In Penjori, near Semurgaon, the Gaita explained how Tallur Muttai (who is no other than Mother Earth) and Kadrengal her consort (who is lord of the forest and the *dahi* clearing) are connected with the ghotul. 883 773

> In a saja tree were born a girl Tallur Muttai and a boy Kadrengal. They gave a dream to Lingo and told him 'We have been born in a saja tree: give us a place to live'. So Lingo made them a small hut and they lived there. To please them he used to play eighteen instruments at once. In these were love-charms which drew all the boys and girls of the village to listen.

In many ghotul, Tallur Muttai and Kadrengal are honoured as well as Lingo and with him protect the children from harm.

X. Lingo and Creation

The creation stories of the Muria are on the same pattern as similar stories throughout the central portion of peninsular India.[1] The main difference is that Lingo, at least in the older stories, takes the place either of Bhimsen or the other cult-heroes which various tribes exalt as the chief actors in their mythology; and that Kadrengal, a rather mysterious figure, vaguely regarded as a forest-god, and his wife Tallur Muttai (Mother Earth) play the parts that in other areas are allotted to Mahadeo and Parvati. The following story was recorded in Kokori in east Kondagaon. 773

> In the old days there was an earth. At the time when Lingo and his brothers were born Mahapurub turned the world topsy-turvy and it was eaten by the earth-worm, so the Middle World became nought but water. There were two young children on the earth. God put life into their bodies by poking them in the back: the marks of his fingers still remain. They hid inside a gourd which grew up out of the water as a great creeper and reached the heavens.
>
> Presently the worm excreted the earth and some of it fell on a siari leaf. That earth began to weep, 'Who is there to serve me, for all mankind are drowned?' When Lingo heard that weeping he went to see what was the matter. Meanwhile Mahapurub had plucked the gourd growing from the great creeper in the heavens and found inside the two small children. 'Where can these children live?' So thinking he sent his crow to search for it. The crow flew and flew across the ocean until at last it saw Lingo and his brothers driving their harrow over the sea. Wherever the harrow went there was land, where it went crooked or missed a place there was water and a river, where the earth was piled up at the side there was a mountain. When the crow saw this it flew back and told Mahapurub that the earth was made again, and the two children were sent to live there.
>
> Mahapurub told the boy and girl that they should marry each other but they refused saying, 'We are brother and sister'. So the smallpox goddess came and separated them and each got smallpox.[2] Afterwards when they met they did not know who they were, for their faces were

[1] Compare Roy, *The Mundas*, App. I, pp. 3-7; Roy, *The Birhors*, pp. 400-24; A. Campbell, 'The Traditions of the Santals', *JBORS*, Vol. II (1916), pp. 158.; Roy, *The Hill Bhuiyas*, p. 262; D. D. Agarwal, 'Ethnographical Notes on the Cheres', *Man in India*, Vol. IX (1929), p. 205; W. Koppers, 'Bhagwan, the Supreme Deity of the Bulls', *Anthropos*, Tome XXXV-VI (1940-1), *passim*. *The Baiga*, p. 308; *The Agaria*, pp. 88ff.

[2] I have recorded this idea among the Juang, Kond, Gadaba and Bondo of Orissa: it is probably very common.

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773 covered with the marks of disease, and they got married. Now these two, man and woman, had no knowledge of sex. They lived together working in their fields, but the man never went to his wife. Presently Mahapurub sent Lingo to see how they were getting on. 'They know nothing of love or copulation, they are living as brother and sister', so said Lingo. This made Mahapurub anxious about the peopling of the world. So he gave Lingo two pills filled with his love-charms to give them.

When Lingo reached the house, he found the man had gone to hunt but the woman was bathing. He gave her the two pills and told her to eat one of them after the bath and to give the other to her husband when he returned. Having done this, Lingo went away. The woman ate one pill but was so pleased with it that she ate the second also, leaving nothing for her husband. Directly she swallowed the pills she was filled with excitement and passion and ran into the forest to seek her man.

At last when he returned from hunting, instead of giving him his food she took him into the house and pulled him down to the ground beside her. But for all her caresses there was no desire in him and he did nothing. He ate a heavy meal but she could not eat. All night she tried to rouse him, but without success. Then once again Lingo came to see how they were. He peeped through the door and saw the woman trying to rouse her husband. So he brought two more pills and this time gave them one each. Now at last the husband's desire was awakened and he went to his wife again and again, but since the woman had a greater number of pills she was much the more passionate. That is why the Muria say women remain more passionate than men unto this day.

So strong was their passion that the very next morning a child was born. After this, children were born throughout the world and men and women increased in number.

The stories go on to tell how Lingo brought the Muria to Bastar from Lanjhi-Dhamda and how the different clans came into being as they tried to cross over the great ocean that separated Dhamda from Bastar. He also taught the Muria how to worship Mother Earth.

The Muria was thinking, 'How am I to worship the earth for I have nothing to give her'. He had one daughter. He covered her whole body with soot to make her black and forced her to walk on all fours like a black cow. Then he went to the jungle to worship Mother Earth. On the way he met Lingo driving a cow. Lingo said, 'O man, where are you going?' 'I am going to worship Mother Earth.' 'What are you going to sacrifice?' 'I have nothing to give but my own daughter and I am going to sacrifice her.' Then Lingo said, 'Give me your daughter, and I will give you my cow'. From that day the Muria have not offered human beings to the Earth Mother but, taught by Lingo, have sacrificed their cattle.[1]

XI. Lingo and the Sun and Moon

773 821 Lingo is also, in some legends, connected with the creation of the sun and moon and the disposal of other heavenly bodies. In what appears to be the

[1] Nanga Baiga was also taught to substitute animal for human sacrifice.—*The Baiga*, p. 315.

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eldest Muria thought, Lingo, unlike such exclusively mundane cult-heroes as Nanga Baiga, has much to do with the heavens. Later on, he is often displaced by Bhimul Pen or Bhimsen. In Ulera the Muria told the following story.

When this world was first made there was neither sun nor moon and the clouds and the earth were like husband and wife, they lay so close together.[1] Men were very small and had to move between them. They ploughed with rats and to pick brinjals they had to reach up as though they were getting mangoes from a tree. As they walked to and fro they used to knock their heads against the clouds.

Then Lingo and his brothers raised the clouds into the sky and there was room for men on earth, but there was no sun or moon and everything was dark. There was a tree called Huppe Piyer. When this tree blossomed it was day, when it dried up it was night. The twelve Lingo brothers and the thirteen Bhimul brothers thought and thought how they could bring more light to the world. 'Where can we find something which will make light and darkness?' So thinking they came to the tree Huppe Piyer. 'This is what we want', they said and began to cut it down. It was so big that the twelve Lingo brothers and the thirteen Bhimul brothers could cook their food and sleep in the space cut by their axes. When it was nearly cut through, it still did not fall for on the top of the tree sat the bird called Gara-surial-pite holding it up. Said Lingo to his brother, 'We must kill this bird', and Kosa Kana took his axe and killed it. Then the tree fell to the ground.

When the tree came down it fell on the thirteen Bhimul brothers and they shouted with fear. Lingo picked it up with one hand and threw it aside. Now this tree stood in the kingdom of twelve Rajas, and when these heard the noise they sent their police to see if the tree was safe. The police reported that someone or other had cut it down and the Rajas sent their soldiers to arrest the culprits. Lingo said to the soldiers, 'We have come to make two lanterns so that there may be light by day and light by night. We have done no evil'. So said Lingo. But the soldiers took no heed of what he said and attacked the brothers with their spears and swords. Lingo took all the blows in his own body and saved his brothers. Then he himself took his sword and fought and killed the soldiers. With their blood the tree became red, for its roots drank it up. Then the brothers stripped off the bark and cut the wood into two great circles.

They made the lower circle into the sun and the upper circle into the moon. The sun was as big as the kingdoms of the twelve Rajas, but the moon was smaller. When they were ready, the brothers wondered how to put into them a living soul. Mahapurub had a son. 'Only by killing Mahapurub's son and giving his blood to the sun and moon to drink will they become alive and be man and woman', so said Lingo. The brothers thought and thought how to catch Mahapurub's son, but at last Lingo said, 'I will catch him' and went to Porrobhum.

[1] The same idea of the proximity of earth and sky has been recorded among the Santal.—C. H. Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London, 1909), p. 405; the Bana—M. N. Basu, *The Banas of Bengal* (Calcutta, 1929), p. 84; the Birhor—Roy, *The Birhors*, p. 456; the Gond—R. V. Russell, *Castes of India*, 1916, Vol. XIII, p. 94; and the Khond—Gordon, op. cit., p. 195. Frazer quotes similar stories from Africa—J. G. Frazer, *The Worship of Nature* (London, 1926), pp. 96 and 109. The legend is probably widely distributed.

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Mahapurub was working in his fields. His wife put the child in a swing and went for water. Lingo stole the child and brought him down to earth. There he sacrificed him and offered his blood to the sun and moon. The sun, who is a man, drank a lot of the blood and that is why he is always red. The moon, who is a woman, only drank a little and is always pale.

When Mahapurub's wife returned and could not find her son, she ran to tell her husband and they were full of sorrow. But next morning when the sun rose red into the sky, Mahapurub cried to his wife, 'Look, there's your baby in the sky; don't weep, for you will always be able to look at him'.

821 In many villages the Muria know the widely-dispersed story of how the moon tricked the sun into swallowing his children.[1] They generally say that the moon is subject to a menstrual period and when her time comes she hides herself, thus accounting for the dark nights of the month. The sun works all day. We cannot see him at night because every evening he goes to his wife, but the Muria are not quite clear or consistent about this because some of them think that on account of the stealing and sacrifice of Mahapurub's child, sun and moon were cursed to remain for ever apart. Some Muria say that the sun's wife is Sukko, who is the daughter of the moon and it is she who keeps him company during the night. In Muria riddle the moon is 'the fat bullock that loses its horn in its old age'. [524]

The stars are explained in many different ways. In Ulera they said that they were the shavings of the great tree Huppe Piyer. In Aturgaon they said that they were the babies of the moon. In Berma they said they were the moon's servants. The moon brings her children out at night and plays with them. Everyone believes that the stars are alive. 'The stars are looking at us', they sometimes say, and it is almost uncanny to hear them speaking of sun and moon and stars as though they were actual living people. Riddles about the stars are common: '*Mesei hadang pesalh*: the whetstone is covered with *mung*-grains.' 'The dish is so full of areca nuts that you cannot count them.' 'Take a stick in your hand and count the cowries.' [524]

The eclipse is not explained otherwise than by the usual stories current in central India,[2] but the Muria have their own way of observing the event. It is regarded as a very good time for snaring animals or catching fish. Women dig holes in their yards and pretend to throw out water with a basket crying, 'Now we are clearing the stream for fish'. This little rite will result in good fishing expeditions later on. Boys make their *gulel*-slings, for as the moon catches the sun so will the pellet from the sling hit its mark. They also begin making nets and traps of every kind for the same reason, and put the bamboo baskets and platforms in the fields to catch and dry fish. Nets for birds are set and traps for animals arranged.

Thunder and lightning is explained in several different ways. Some say that lightning is the great *dandai* fish which leaps out of the ocean of universe into the sky, its scales flashing in the sun. In other villages they say that thunder and lightning comes from the smithy of the heavenly Lohar who is working iron in Porrobhum. The thunder is the sound of his heavy hammer;

[1] See *The Baiga*, pp. 331f. for references to Uraon, Santal and Turi legends.
[2] Crooke, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 21; Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 272 and 290; *The Baiga*, p. 334; Enthoven, op. cit., pp. 98f.; J. J. Modi, 'A Few Ancient Beliefs about the Eclipse', *J. Anth. Soc. Bom.*, Vol. III (1894), pp. 346ff. Penzer has a useful summary in *The Ocean of Story*, Vol. II, pp. 8ff.

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821 I have heard hail described as 'the bones of the rain'. The rainbow is the great snake, Bhumtaras, that rises from its ant-hill to stop the rain.[1]

XII. Lingo and the Discovery of Fire

773 In Bastar, as in Hislop's version of the legend, Lingo is associated with the discovery of fire. In some villages it is said that the first fire to be kindled was that made by Lingo at the original Pus Kolang dance. At Kanhargaon in the Chota Dongar Pargana the Jhoria Muria told this story:

> At the beginning of the world, when the earth sank beneath the great waters, there were no men left but the seven Koroho-Lingo brothers. When the water went down again, they set out to find fire to warm themselves and cook their food. Presently they saw a Maharin whose name was Parajunge; she had a fire. They made their camp near her house and went to get fire from her. The girl gave the eldest brother some fire in a bundle of grass but it went out. Then the next brother went, and the next, but every time the fire went out. At last Lingo himself went. When she offered him fire in the grass he hit her twice and picked up a burning log from her fire and took it to his camp.
>
> The brothers went away, but the girl soon found that she was pregnant from the two blows which Lingo had struck. The boy grew up, and when he was old enough he went with the other boys and girls to dance in Lingo's ghotul. Parajunge, his mother, followed him. Now Lingo was leading the dance with a tuft of palm leaves in his turban. When the dancers got tired they sat down to smoke and the boy said to his mother, 'All these other children have fathers, but where is my father?' Parajunge said, 'It is the one who is wearing leaves in his hair, go and catch him'. The boy caught him by the leg and cried, 'You are my father'. When the brothers heard it they were very angry with Lingo and said, 'We would have given you a kingdom, but he who makes a Maharin pregnant becomes a Mahara'. Lingo said; 'I never went to her, I only hit her and she became pregnant of her own accord'. They disputed this for many days and at last Lingo said, 'You may test me by oil and fire; make a great iron vessel and fill it with twelve pots of oil; put me in it and boil me on a hearth lit with twelve cart-loads of wood; if I am unhurt it will prove me innocent'. The brothers carried out the test and Lingo was unharmed; he sat in the fire playing his eighteen instruments. The brothers then believed Lingo and gave him the kingdom. The name of the boy was Son Kunr and he was admitted into the ghotul as a Muria, but they would not accept his mother.

In this account of how Lingo brought fire to the tribe, we may note the tradition that he got it from a woman and that the incident is vaguely connected with impregnation. Frazer has collected myths from many parts

[1] The Hill Maria have the same idea. So have the Kol, who call the rainbow Larbang, the serpent—Dalton, op. cit., p. 177. The Pardhan of Mandla say it is the raised head of Basuk, the cobra who supports the world. The Bison-horn Maria call it Bhimul-wil, the bow of Bhimul—Grigson, op. cit., p. 290. The Baiga call it the horse of Bhimsen—*The Baiga*, p. 336. Hindus generally call it the bow of Ram or of Indra, though they too speak of it as a snake. 'The rainbow is connected with the snake, being the form of a gigantic serpent blown up from underground. In Persia, it was called the "celestial serpent".'—Crooke, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 144.

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of the world, Australia, the Murray Islands, Melanesia, the Caroline Islands, South America, which represent women as being in possession of fire before men.[1] 113

We also see very clearly that the attempt to kill Lingo in the iron vessel was really, as I have already suggested, an ordeal of a type to which frequent reference is made in the literature of Indian antiquity.

XIII. Lingo and the Discovery of Liquor

In the east of the State, where Lingo's cult is weakest, he is still imagined as a simple, kindly, generous peasant. He is the giver of happiness; he is the honest ploughman working for his family, making furrows three miles long, guiding his plough with his son Netturgundi tied below his neck. He eats anything, stones or trees, rice or pulse, birds or monkeys. His hair reaches to heaven and his tail goes down to hell.

Once Lingo gave a great feast to mankind. As the guests were going home he sent a Nahar servant to listen to what they were saying about him. The servant heard them complaining that though the food was all right, they had been given 'nothing coloured to make them happy'. When Lingo heard this he said, 'Is there nothing in the jungle to make men happy?' This preyed on his mind and he went everywhere in the forest to search for happiness until he came at last to a great hollow mahua tree. The corollas had fallen into the hollow, rain had filled them with water, and they had fermented. Many maina birds gathered round to drink, and Lingo saw them 'cry loudly and dance'. So he took some of this drink home, and at his next feast gave it to his guests. This time they went home saying, 'Today Lingo has given us happiness'.

Nanga Baiga is said to have discovered liquor in almost exactly the same way.[2] The Bondo have a similar tale; so have the Savara of Koraput who attribute the great discovery to Bhimsen. The Sondi tradition is that Brahma created Suka Muni from the dirt between his eyebrows and authorized him to distil spirit from the *ipps* (mahua) flowers, which had hitherto been eaten by birds.[3]

Mahua spirit does not seem to be associated with the sexual passion, but there is a common belief that rice-beer and toddy were invented to ensure a proper increase of population. Tallur Muttai is said to have created the sago-palm so that its juice might stir the sluggish desires of Kadrengal.[4] In Ho tradition, the first man and woman never came together 'from their extreme simplicity' until Sing Bonga the Creator 'taught them the art of making rice-beer, the use of which caused them those sensations which were in due time the means of peopling the world'.[5] The Kol have the same belief.[6] The Santal say it was Lita, a traditional hero whose bow is the rainbow, who taught the first man and woman to make rice-beer and thus introduced sexual congress to the world.[7]

[1] J. G. Frazer, *Myths of the Origin of Fire* (London, 1930), p. 206.
[2] *The Baiga*, p. 311. 'There is a common belief that on occasions bears become intoxicated as a result of eating fermented flowers.' A. A. Dunbar Brander, *Wild Animals in Central India* (London, 1931), p. 7.
[3] Thurston, op. cit., Vol. VI, p. 396. [4] See p. 54.
[5] Tickell, 'Memoir on the Hodesum' in *JASB*, New Series, Vol. IX, Part II (1840), p. 797. Compare Dalton, op. cit., p. 183, who observes that the old Manki are fond of telling this story with all sorts of indecent details.
[6] Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 508.
[7] *Census of India, 1931*, Vol. I, Part IIB, p. 209.

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773 It is probable that further investigation might discover the cult-heroes of several other tribes credited with this achievement.

XIV. The Coming of Death

Death is a stranger in the world, alien and unnatural. The first men did not die. For long ages Lingo kept death away. But at last it came and the Muria have several legends to explain how. According to one story, it was a boon to counteract the misery of living for ever.

> In the old days the Muria did not die, yet could not keep their youth.
>
> They sat in the courts of their houses propped up with bits of wood; they could not use their hands or feet, and their gruel had to be poured into their mouths by their relatives. At last they went to Mahapurub and asked him to give them the gift of death. 'Do you want death for everyone', he asked, 'or only for yourselves?' 'For everyone', they replied. From that day both young and old have died.

Another tale attributes the coming of death to Mahapurub's need of souls to people his kingdom, an idea common also among the Gond and Baiga of the Central Provinces.[1]

> In Nadumbhum (the Middle World) no man died, and Mahapurub wondered how he was to get souls for his kingdom. He had a son. He killed him and prepared to carry him out for burial. But when his wife heard of it, she ran weeping to the place and, taking her son from him, sat with the corpse in her lap. Mahapurub said, 'We must bury the child, don't be foolish'. But she cried, 'No, I'll never give him to you'.
>
> Mahapurub then planted a jamun tree behind her. When it fruited, some of the plums fell to the ground. She picked them up and ate and her mouth was reddened with the juice. Mahapurub came again and said, 'Give me the boy. You are a witch, you are eating his flesh'. He brought a mirror and when she saw her reddened mouth, she thought she really was eating the boy. She wept bitterly, but gave the body to Mahapurub. He buried it, and from that day death has been in the world.

A different version of the same theme, from Palari, gives some interesting details about the creative process.

> At the beginning of the world men were very small; they ploughed with rats and had to pull down brinjals as if they were getting mangoes. The ground was so soft that you could fall through it down to Adibhum (the Lower World). In those days men could remove the tops of their heads, examine them for lice, and put them back again.[2]
>
> When the first men died, their neighbours took them out to burial, but the corpses got up and came back and sat in front of their houses. When the neighbours came in, they asked, 'Where have you been?' 'We've been out burying you.' 'What sort of folk are you? We were just sleeping and you carried us here and there. When we awoke we returned home.'[3]

[1] *The Baiga*, p. 329.
[2] For a similar tradition among the Santal, see Bompas, op. cit., p. 401.
[3] The theory that death was originally of a temporary character is held by the Birhors—Roy, *The Birhors*, pp. 253ff., and I have recorded it among the Juang and Bhuiya of Keonjhar State.

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THE LEGEND OF LINGO PEN

When Mahapurub heard of this, he wondered how he was to get souls for his kingdom. He thought, 'I must stick the tops of their heads on; then they will certainly die'. He ground flour, mixed it with water into a paste and hid it. Then he went to see the first man and woman. 'What have you got inside your heads?' he asked. 'Do show me.' They removed the tops of their heads, and Mahapurub quickly smeared the edges with paste, muttering, 'Never come unstuck again'. When the first man and woman put the tops of their heads back, they stuck and soon afterwards people began to die.

And now for fear that the dead might come back again to their houses, the neighbours burnt their bodies and they never returned to life.

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CHAPTER FIVE

THE CAUSES OF CRIME: WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC

I

THE ORIGIN OF MAGIC

754 The origin of black magic has been described by the Maria
713 in a number of villages and the reports generally agree. 'The first man in the world to practise magic was Nandraj Guru! All the gods[1] and the Dead went to him to learn the art. At one time seven gods were being taught by him daily. One day a Maria of the Maja clan was digging roots in the jungle when he heard voices and went stealthily to see what was happening. From behind a tree he saw Nandraj Guru teaching the seven gods. Every day the Maria went to the place and overheard everything that was said. On the last day the pupils brought offerings of pigs and chickens for their Guru. He sacrificed them and divided the meat into seven equal shares. But to his surprise after a few moments he noticed that the number of shares had grown to eight. He called his disciples and said, "Search the jungle around, for there must surely be a ghost or an animal hiding near". The search revealed the presence of the Maria on the branch of a tree and he was brought before the Guru.

'Nandraj said, "Listen, everyone here is a god and you are the only human being who has learned our magic. Unless you give an offering as the gods have done, your son will die". "What offering should I give?" asked the Maria. "In your house" said the Guru, "there is a pigeon. Offer that to me". Now by the word "pigeon" the Guru meant the Maria's only son and the reason why he demanded him was that his knowledge could only be imparted to immortal beings who would use it in the proper way. But the Guru feared that now that a human being had discovered the secret, he would make use of the magic at all times. There would be no deaths. Pain would be banished, and the gods would have

[1] God, spelt without a capital, represents the Hindi *deo*. The Gondi *pen* is translated 'clan-god'. A *deo* is little more than what the Middle Ages called a 'demon'.

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no Dead to people their kingdom. But if this human being 754
were to eat a bit of the liver of his own son, then there would 779
be deaths in the world and the Maria himself would have learned the knowledge of evil and death and would become a magician.

'The Maria, little knowing that when Nandraj Guru said "pigeon", he meant his son, asked one of the gods to go to his

[779]

A typical Anga Pen, a clan-god. Carried by four men, it is sometimes used to detect witches.

house and fetch the bird. The god killed the boy, removed the liver, and the Maria and the seven gods ate it together. As the Maria unwittingly ate the liver of his own son, he was filled with the knowledge of death and evil, and became the first sorcerer. Before he died, he taught his own disciples the art and today many men know how to harm and kill their enemies. But in every case the liver must be obtained, for [826] the liver is the *jiva* (soul) of all beings.'

In Khutepal the Maria said that they began learning magic 754
in the month of June. The young disciples must go to the jungle and set up a small stone which represents an uraskal menhir. To the left of the pillar they place another stone flat on the ground to represent a danyakal. Then between the uraskal and the danyakal a number of small stones are placed in line from right to left. This line of stones represents one kind of magic, say the magic for curing the sick. Parallel to this they place a second line of small stones. This represents another kind of magic, say doing injury to an enemy.

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under the thatch by the door of his house. The palm of 783
his right hand was placed below the Lamhada's right hand. On the ground, below their hands, a pile of rice was made, and an arrow placed in it. Then the Waddai climbed on to the roof and poured down water which fell through the thatch on to their hands, and thence to the rice. After this a pig and two chickens were given to the Lamhada to be offered to his ancestors. The Waddai as clan-priest officiated [769] since the Dead of the clan were to be appeased.

A curious story related by Oyami Harma of the same 539
village illustrates the manner in which the Maria expect 773
supernatural punishment to fall upon the criminal. 'Long ago', said Oyami Harma, 'my ancestors, who were a family of seven brothers and one sister, were living beyond Bailadila. A youth of the Uika clan came as Lamhada for the girl, and in due time she was married to him. Twin boys were born, but after a few days one of them died. During Dassara the husband went to Jagdalpur at the invitation of the eldest brother and while he was away his wife together with the wives of the seven brothers went to reap the harvest, taking their two hunting-dogs. The surviving twin was taken with them, and as they were working, he was put to sleep in a swing. While the women were busy in the field, a hare jumped out of a bush and ran towards the baby. The two hunting-dogs chased it, and mistaking the baby for the hare bit him and killed him.

'When the husband returned he asked for his baby, and his wife said, "He has been taken out by our neighbour. First eat your food and then you can play with the child". The husband sat down and ate, and his wife told him what had happened. In the meantime the other brothers told their eldest brother of the child's death, and he was afraid that the bereaved father would revenge himself on him, because it was at his invitation that he had gone to Jagdalpur. So they all decided to run away. The father pursued them saying that it was they who were responsible for the death of his child. They went to Gadapal closely pursued by the angry father. In Gadapal there was a shrine for Kas Pona Pen which was in the form of a bird. This god hid the eldest brother under its wings, and when the father arrived at the shrine, he could find no trace of him. But as he

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539 773 had seen him entering, he knew that he was hiding somewhere and so he set fire to the building and went away. The fire did not harm the man, but some of the bird's feathers were burnt. The soul of the clan-god in Gadapal is in that bird, and to this day the bird can be seen, though now it is made of iron, and on its body the marks made by the burns remain.

'The eldest brother then went to Mailawada and lived there. He consulted the Waddai about the death of his sister's child, and it was revealed to him that the girl had been committing adultery with another man, and that on the very day she had bathed after her menstrual period, she [845] had had intercourse both with her husband and her lover. The result of this was twins. But the Departed were offended at her conduct, and as a result one of the twins died after a few days and the second was killed by the Departed who first took the form of a hare and excited the dogs, and then possessed the dogs and killed the child in the swing'.

Such stories are not mere fairy-tales. They are part of the actual life of the people, vividly believed and actually experienced. To aboriginals who live in such an atmosphere and depend so entirely on the supernatural, the cumbersome and vulgar machinery of human courts of justice seems comparatively unimportant. It is said that many murderers find a sort of relief in going to jail, since they believe that this earthly punishment may save them from the vengeance of the Departed.

782 837 But as often in the aboriginal world there are regular methods of evading these dangers. If a man wishes to commit adultery, he makes offerings to the Departed and prays, 'Let me not swell with water. Let the sin be on the husband of this girl and not on me', and then he addresses his ancestors, 'Away with you. Go to water and to wind. Go beyond the boundary-line. Do not trouble me whatever happens'.

684 There is no doubt, however, that many Maria are not satisfied with such ceremonies, and that they consider themselves entirely justified in killing a wife who is disloyal. In particular, the discovery of a woman actually in the arms of her lover appears to have so overwhelming an emotional effect that the husband is almost bound to strike

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CHAPTER TEN

THE CAUSES OF CRIME: ALCOHOL

THE special and characteristic drink of the Bison-horn Maria is rice-beer. Mahua spirit and the surem that is made from mahua[1] flowers, and the fermented sap of the toddy,[2] sago[3] and date[4] palms is also drunk. But landa rice-beer is not only obligatory on most festival occasions; it is also the favourite drink of boon companions. The Maria regards it both as an intoxicant and as a food—which indeed it is. It accompanies him from birth to death. It is drunk first at the ceremonies when he is named, again at his betrothal, again in large quantities at his marriage, and it is finally poured over his memorial stone after he is dead. At every great festival and at every point of the agricultural year, this nourishing and potent drink is made and enjoyed.

Mahua spirit, which is the ceremonial drink of the northern Gond, is also offered by the Bison-horn Maria at the time of sacrifice, and in small quantities on most ceremonial and domestic occasions. The juice of the toddy and sago palms is used almost entirely for happiness—as a stimulant and for recreation—though gourds full of the refreshing juice are often supplied at weddings and funerals to supplement the supply of rice-beer. A poor man who cannot provide sufficient mahua spirit or landa for his son's betrothal or marriage, may provide toddy instead. When Muka went to ask for the hand of the beautiful Kume in marriage, he took with him a gourdful of this juice. Surem, which is made by boiling the mahua flowers, is sometimes taken as a substitute for the properly distilled spirit.

All these drinks are gifts of the gods. Liquor comes from heaven, and who could resist so gracious a blessing? Mahua was discovered much as in Muria and Baiga tradition. An ancient hero went out to find some means of entertaining his guests. He came to a mahua tree with a hole full of water beneath it, into which many of the flowers had fallen.

[1] *Bassia latifolia*, Roxb.
[2] *Borassus flabellifer*, Linn.
[3] *Caryota urens*, Linn.
[4] *Phoenix sylvestris*, Roxb.

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273 All round the little pond were sitting rame birds singing,
773 wagging their heads to and fro and flapping their wings in great excitement. The hero tasted the water and soon he too was singing, dancing and flapping his arms in company with the birds.

The recipe for rice-beer was given to the Maria by the Supreme Being for no other purpose apparently but to cheer them up.

273 The origin of sago and toddy juice is more elaborately
773 described.

539 Long ago there was a Maria called Iro Kawachi who had two beautiful daughters, Ilo and Palo. He made a seat of mahua wood and covered it with the skins of lice. He proclaimed that anyone who could first lift it up and put it where he could bathe upon it, and who could say what kind of wood it was made of, and what skin covered it, would get his daughters. All the boys of the neighbourhood came to try but none could tell what the seat was and none could lift it up. At last came a lame boy called Mad Moda from the Irma Raj with an open sore upon his leg. He too was unable to guess what the seat was made of until a fly came and said, 'Let me sit on your sore and eat it and then I will tell you what the wood is'. The boy let the fly settle upon him and after it had taken its fill it told him that the seat was of mahua wood and covered with the skins of lice. Then the boy was able to lift up the seat and put it where Iro Kawachi could bathe.

Now Mad Moda was lame and ugly and covered with hideous sores. When the two girls Ilo and Palo saw him, they ran away in t[illegible] but the boy went stumbling along after them and dropped his dancing-stick. He went on and at last caught the girls by the strings with which they tied their hair into a bun. He pulled the cloth off their shoulders and tore out some of their hair. Then he threw them down in the bed of the Indaltom River and enjoyed them. Afterwards the river divided and flowed onwards in two streams.

The boy's bell-stick turned into a toddy tree; the strings from the girls' hair became sago palms; the hair itself grew up as a date palm; the cloth became the broad-leaved plantain tree. Because on that day the girls' cloth fell from their shoulders, they now do not cover their breasts.

This is the story as it was told in Garmiri village. It is known in its main outlines in many other places, though

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with small variations. In Dualkarka it was Ira Dhurwa 273
who made the seat and its covering was of cloth. In Muskel 773
it was Gaja Bhimul who made it and the end of the story 539
is that Ilo and Palo jumped into the river at Dantewara and were drowned.

A few stories resemble the tales of the northern Muria. The Pen Kaina come down to bathe in the Godaveri river; they come singing to eat jamun fruit; or they simply come to dance. They sing, 'Whoever can tell what our names are, we will go with him'. When the village boys find they cannot tell their names they get angry and try to catch them. As the girls run away their bell-sticks fall and become toddy trees. The boys throw their sticks at them and these become sago palms. As the girls run away the kardan-belts round their waists break and turn into the date palm. The knots on these belts are its fruit. The god cuts off the testicles of the boys and sticks them on to the end of the dancing-sticks and these become toddy fruit. That is why, the Maria say, their women beat the sticks so vigorously as they dance. This version of the story is from Bara Harmamunda. In Palnar the situation is reversed. When the boys begin to flirt with the girls, the girls beat them with their bell-sticks and it is the boys who run away. Here they add that the toddy trees said, 'We won't stay here', and went down below the hills. But the sago palms remained on the Dantewara plateau.

Another completely different type of story is told in the neighbourhood of Bailadila. Long ago a group of Maria were hunting on the Bailadila Hills. They grew very thirsty and went searching for water. A rat had nibbled at the peduncle of a sago palm and a jungle cock had scratched a hole in the ground at its foot. The juice dropped into this hole and filled it. When the hunters came to the place they found a hole full of refreshing juice and drank it and thus learnt to tap the tree.

The comparative strength of these drinks is given in 273
Bedford's *Technical Excise Manual*. The alcoholic strength of toddy varies according to the nature of the palm tapped, the season of the year, the time for which it has been drawn and other circumstances. The average results of a number

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Death comes into the world by the treachery of the gods. 000
The Baiga describe how Bhagavan grew tired of men, but did not know how to kill them. So he gave Nanga Baiga itch and the old man began to scratch. But he was unable to reach the small of his back, and one day when he picked up a stick to scratch himself there, Bhagavan turned it into a cobra and it bit him and he died.[1] The Juang say that formerly men did not die because they did not sleep, and Bhagavan had to send a woman to sell them curds mixed with sleep-medicine. When they ate the curds, they slept and died. The Bhuiya story describes how so long as Jug Budha and his wife were living, no one died and the world was becoming over-populated. So the Supreme Being sent a centipede to bite them, and thus introduced death into the world.

The Muria too, in the north of Bastar, associate the coming 761
of death with the murder of a son. 773

In the Middle World no man died, and Mahapurub 539
wondered how he was to get souls for his kingdom. He had a son. He killed him and prepared to carry him out for burial. But when his wife heard of it, she ran weeping to the place and, taking her son from him, sat with the corpse in her lap. Mahapurub said, 'We must bury the child, don't be foolish'. But she said, 'No, I'll never give him to you'.
Mahapurub then planted a jamun tree behind her. One day some of the berries fell to the ground before her. She picked them up and as she ate her mouth was reddened with the juice. Mahapurub came again and said, 'Give me the boy. You are a witch, you are eating his flesh'. He brought a mirror and when she saw her reddened mouth, she thought she really was eating her son. She wept bitterly, but gave the body to Mahapurub. He buried it and from that day, death has been in the world.

A similar sacrifice accounts for the origin of the sun and 821
moon. The Muria, in a story which is known in a slightly 773
different version to the Bison-horn Maria, describe how after the great wooden circles for the sun and moon were made, there was the problem of how to put life into them. Mahapurub had a son, and Lingo declared that only by killing him and giving his blood to the sun and moon to

[1] Verrier Elwin, The Baiga (London, 1939), p. 229.

3: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1943
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821 drink, would they become alive and be man and woman.
713 One day while Mahapurub was working in his fields, his wife put the child in a swing and went for water. Lingo stole the child and brought him down to earth. He sacrificed him and offered his blood to the sun and moon and they became alive.

000 Both the Baiga and Muria have stories to account for the disappearance of human sacrifice.

> Now Nanga Baiga and Nanga Baigin had nothing to sacrifice for the steadying of the world. So they took their own three sons and daughters, and were carrying them along. Then they met a jungle hen. 'Where are you going?' she asked. And when she heard, 'You musn't kill your own children. Take two pairs of mine. Offer one pair, and keep the other for breeding'. So said the jungle hen. Then Nanga Baiga lifted one son and daughter out of the kawar and left them with the hen, and put the chickens in instead.
> A little later they met a sow. She also begged them not to sacrifice their children, and gave two pairs of sucklings in exchange for two more of the children. Then they met a barking deer, and made a similar exchange.[1]

782 The Muria story runs as follows:—
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> The Muria was thinking, 'How am I to worship the earth for I have nothing to give her?'. He had one daughter. He covered her whole body with soot to make her black and forced her to walk on all fours like a black cow.

[1] *The Baiga*, p. 315. 'At Nasik, in the Deccan, when cholera appears, a woman of the Marg (menial tribe) is solemnly led out of the city as a scapegoat. She remains outside the city bounds till the next day, when she bathes and returns. The ceremonial, which closely resembles that of bringing a victim to a shrine, doubtless implies an earlier rite of human sacrifice.

'Another rite resembles that of the self-immolation of pilgrims, who used, in former times, to fling themselves, in the name of Siva, over the cliff known as Bhairava Jhamp, near the famous shrine of Kedar Nath in the lower Himalayas. This rite has now been commuted into the paying for the service of a bedi or rope dancer, who slides on a wooden saddle upon a cable hung over a precipitous cliff as a means of propitiating Siva.

'In the form of the "Bihunda" rite the same custom prevails in the Punjab, on the River Sutlej.

'In Baroda also, at the worship of Vagh Deo, the tiger god, a man is covered with a blanket; he bows to the image and walks round it seven times. During this performance the worshippers slap him on the back. He then tries to escape to the forest, pursued by children, who fling balls of clay at him, and finally bring him back, the rite ending with feasting and drinking. The above are instances of attenuated forms of the custom of human sacrifice and immolation which has become intolerable under the conditions of modern society' Haikerwal, op. cit., pp. 66 f.

3: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1943
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Then he went to the jungle to worship Mother Earth. 782
On the way he met Lingo driving a cow. Lingo said, 539
'O man, where are you going?' 'I am going to worship 773
Mother Earth'. 'What are you going to sacrifice?' 'I have nothing to give but my own daughter and I am going to sacrifice her'. Then Lingo said, 'Give me your daughter, and I will give you my cow'. From that day the Muria have not offered human beings to the Earth Mother but, taught by Lingo, have sacrificed their cattle.

A Bison-horn Maria account of creation tells of the great 773
deluge and how the earth came into existence from mud that dropped from the hairs of the great boars that then lived in the world. There were two deities, Irisirma and Markaraja. They had two daughters, Iro and Palo. The girls both wanted to marry Koyabhimul, but the parents were unwilling and tried to kill the boy. They first sent a great snake to bite him as he returned from the jungle. But the girls warned him in time, and told him to invoke the name of their father and the snake would be unable to harm him. The parents then tried to kill him by asking him to sacrifice a chicken, planning to behead him as he bent down to do so. But the girls again warned him, and the boy said to Markaraja that he must first show him how the sacrifice was to be performed. As the older man bent down, the boy picked up a sword and beheaded him. 'In those days there were few gods and so there were few deaths on earth. The mortality on earth has increased because of the great increase in the number of deities.'

We have already seen how the origin of magic among men is connected with a human sacrifice and cannibalism. The Maria are acquainted with similar stories of the origin of the sun and moon through the sacrifice of a living being. Some of the Maria iron-smelters describe how at the beginning they were unable to extract iron from the ore. They killed a Maria and put his body into the furnace, after which their craft prospered.

Maria folk-tales are full of the usual murders, treacheries 539
and deceits. But it is worth noting that generally these are attributed to outsiders and members of other castes. The Maria themselves usually appear virtuous and honourable.

I do not suppose anyone was ever incited to murder by 000
these stories and legends. I doubt if anyone would ever